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Paul Newman Tells About His



"BAWDY- HOUSE BEDROOM"

**The Inside
on Bogart**



I'M A CHILD MOLESTER!

WANTS HIM!

THE STORY OF "BILL"

as told to
CHARLES MARTEL

What does it feel like to be faced with the realization that a good, personal friend—a buddy you've drunk with and fought with, trusted and even admired—is a child molester?

If you want the answer, listen to me—I know. In a past issue of the *Insider*, Jack Muller, America's most famous "cop," told you the story of this brand of perversion, just as he sees it every day from a policeman's desk. Now let me tell you what it feels like to make the shocking discovery that one of your best friends has been arrested twice for child molesting! You find out that someone you've regarded as a buddy for many years is a deviate, and something goes cold inside you. You feel short-changed and cheated because you've associated

world from his own point of view. Is that it?"
I answered affirmatively.
"Then I'm game!" He relit his cigar.

I started thinking. Where would you begin questioning a child molester? My first question went down deep into his very roots.
"Bill, where and how did you first become aware of your fixation on little girls?" I knew my questions could be as complex and difficult to answer as I wanted to make them. Bill was an intelligent, twentysix young man who looked like he'd just

beat any kid—boy or girl—in a fight or shooting marbles. The rest of us just did more or less what she said.

"Well, you know how children of four or five are about sex and sexual differences. They realize that boys and girls are different in some way, out they don't really care much about the difference—if they are left alone. Let some older kid come along and start teasing them, prodding them, telling them little bits of misinformation—pick up from the gutter, and then watch what happens? You show me a

She used to take two or three of us smaller boys with her to an empty easement, and tell us things about ourselves."

"What things?"

"Well she wanted to show us that she knew exactly how little boys were made—and why. She told us the how and why of little boys' bodies, and then taunted us because we didn't know the same things about girls! She did that all the time. And there was something else she used to do, something that really made an impression on me."

"He paused. I could see that he wasn't lying; tiny beads of sweat had appeared along his hairline, and his voice rose as he continued. 'Marsha would take us down to that basement and coax us until we stripped for her. Then the little monster would take off her clothes.' But, at any rate, one article at a time. But she wouldn't take off her panties! She would just roll them down so far—and then stop. You see, you have an idea what that did to us—how it made us feel. We wanted to—to

normal and you were the only pervert!"

The child molester looked genuinely angry, then succeeded in controlling himself. "I do not consider myself a pervert. I will overlook your calling me a pervert. As for the reason why I was the only one of my group to become a child-lover—well, to be honest, I don't know. Big girls never interested me. When a nice, attractive blonde walks by, all I can think of is how beautiful she must have been when she was a kid. Everything I knew about sex, I learned from Marsha and the other kids. I think that in my mind sex and children are permanently linked, because I had to learn about the birds and the bees from children when I was a child myself—my parents we didn't tell me anything. Marsha told me everything I wanted to know—well, almost everything."

I was still left with a very basic problem of motivation: why had Bill become a child molester? Most of us can remember experiences at least roughly similar to Bill's. But we're not. Did Bill go wrong because of his parents' lack of understanding? Because they didn't trust him with knowledge—because they denied him the material he needed for existence—his mind? I was sure that was it.

Bill was at five in a cloud of cigar smoke and silence, mentally going over what he had just told me. Suddenly he said, "You know, I've just realized that almost every little girl I've tried to make, reminded me of Marsha in some way. I guess a psychiatrist would say that I never progressed beyond a six-year-old's concept of sex."

I was amazed at Bill's ability to discuss himself and his problem with such serene detachment and objectivity. He had obviously put a hell of a lot of thought into the probable causes of his perverse sex life. He was sure—there was no getting around it—and he came from an upper middle-class family. Why hadn't he made an effort to change his life, to lay his way back to normality? When I asked him this, he only laughed dryly.

"Do you know of an organization called 'Child (deleted) Anonymous'?" No, of course you don't, because there isn't any such organization. Let me ask you another question. Have you ever befriended a homosexual?" I admitted that I hadn't. "If you ever do, you'll soon find out why you're out of ten. If they can't or won't be rehabilitated. They're happy to stay they are. Society should leave them alone. They're not a danger to anybody. And I'm happy the way I am, too. I wouldn't change if I

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"Marsha taught me sex behind garages and under porches. She'd strip her panties and roll them down just so far. She made me WANT to know more!"

stepped out of Harvard. In reality, he had just stepped out of the House of Correction on Chicago's south side, after serving a laughably light sentence for "attempting a lewd act"—which meant he had been caught before he could finish stripping the clothes from a very pretty little ten-year-old.

Bill was still thinking over my question, rubbing a thin growth of mustache with a forefinger. "I guess I'd have to go way back into my own childhood to answer your question correctly. When I was just a kid of about five or so, I met a girl by the name of Marsha. Marsha was older than all the other kids in the neighborhood, and so she sort of ran the block—at least as far as the kids were concerned. She was older than all the other kids in the neighborhood, and decided which games were going to be played. She could

kid who's had the meaning of (deleted) explained to him, and I'll show you a kid that not only wants to know—he wants to see and touch. Intellectual knowledge isn't enough for a kid. He's got to burn his hand before he understands what fire means. And he's got to know with his hands and eyes as well as his mind about girls and how they're made. But getting back to Marsha, she started telling us what she knew, or thought she knew, about sex. It was a completely physical description, warped as only a sick young mind can warp it."

I said, "Don't you think your own ideas on sex are a little warped?" He ignored me and went on.

"Sex to Marsha was a secret, shameful thing to be indulged in under porches; I behind garages. She was a good teacher.

know so much. And she wouldn't let us. His voice quavered as he began speaking, and he sat down again. He had been restlessly pacing, gesturing. I wondered how many of his little friends and playmates had been on the road to child molesting by the same o: similar circumstances. And how many had the moral fiber—a normal kid's normal fiber—to ignore the influence of twisted boys and girls like Marsha.

"Bill, I notice your use of 'us' when referring to your experiences with Marsha. Were there many other kids who went down into the basement with her?" He thought a moment. "Yes," he finally answered, "there were always three or four of us that went with her."

"Then how do you explain the fact that out of that group of kids, all the rest grew up to be

He Calls Himself a "Child Lover"

THE INSIDE OF BOGART

By His Butler of 20 Years



Bogart, "Baby" and Babies

R: You're Aurilio Salazar, right?
 S: That's right, that's correct.
 R: And you worked for Humphrey Bogart for how long?
 S: From . . . uh . . . 1937 to the time of his death in January of 1957. Twenty years. We moved from Hollywood Boulevard to Benedict Canyon, and then from Benedict Canyon we moved up to 232 South Mapleton.
 R: And during all this time, at these different locations, how did he treat you? Like a domestic?
 S: No; he was, well, almost like a brother to me, despite my being his butler. He treated me as if I was one of the family, and I used to eat breakfast and lunch up there.
 R: Did he have any strong feelings about servants living in his house?
 S: No, he was a very good man, and . . . I don't think I will have any other boss like him for the rest of my days.
 R: How do you mean that?
 S: He was really nice. He used to take care of me as well, and he would worry about me when I would drink. Once at a big party I drank too much, and there were police around. He fixed up a cabana for me with a heater and a mattress, and a radio. Then he told me to stay there until the police left.
 R: Aurilio, were you the only servant at the Bogarts?
 S: No, they had May, she worked for them. She was a cook there three years before I worked for them. They had another butler—well, they had

many butlers as far as that goes, but May and I were the only ones who stayed with them all the years until Mr. Bogart passed away. He never would give us our Christmas presents before Christmas — he said, "Your presents are here under our tree," and he didn't want to have anyone else there except the help, until noon when he would meet his company. Before that he did not want to see anyone except the nurse, the cook, the gardeners—which I was then, the maid, and the butler. I used to wrap him open the presents when the children would be there. The children, I

would think, were more fond of me than the others because they used to see me more often. Every day they used to work out in the garden with me.

R: Tell me, how did Mr. Bogart act toward others?

S: What do you mean?
 R: I've heard that he got along very well with his wives—most of the time. But isn't it true that he had occasional fights with—

S: Oh, the fights that Mr. Bogart and Mayo had!

R: His first wife?

S: Yes, Mayo Mathett. Mr. Bogart would come home from the old Players Restaurant that he used to own, and argue, throwing bottles at the pictures, the walls—and then he would get very sad and come to me and say, "Aurilio, take these things out and get them fixed. I want the place to look just as it did for Mayo before that damn fight."

R: Did you like Lauren Bacall better than Miss Mayo?

S: I did not like her any better.
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EDITOR'S NOTE

This is an exclusive eulogy of Humphrey Bogart by the man who knew him best, his butler of 20 years, Aurilio Salazar. It is a eulogy not because Salazar was afraid to tell the truth, but precisely because he told the truth and the truth about Bogart, the man, is rare and fine.

The editors of THE INSIDER do not agree with Bogart on many of his specific ideas—we don't think he thought through his politics and economics that thoroughly, but these are small items compared to what he was as a man. Humphrey Bogart could not stand hypocrisy, couldn't stand fakers. He wasn't willing to compromise with either, or in anything he believed. He himself admitted he made mistakes, big mistakes. But they were mistakes in judgment, not in ethics.

He was divorced more than once, but when questioned about it by a reporter, he answered, "Yes—but when I'm married, I'm married." Lauren Bacall, a woman who believed in men as a hero, in the individual as capable of independence, great deeds and great character, and who would not settle for less than that, married Bogart and was idyllically happy with him until death parted them. Here is the last word then, as a great man—from the INSIDER.



Aurilio Salazar (in center) tells the intimate behind-the-bedroom-door story of Bogart's women—Mayo Mathett and Lauren Bacall.

CANCER ATE HIS INSIDES BUT IT DIDN'T STOP HIM AND LAUREN FROM.....

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ter than Miss Mayo, but I liked her just as much, and she was very nice to work for. And she was very fair the years that I worked for her. Mr. Bogart would fight with her sometimes, but it was not the same as with Mayo. Oh, how that man loved that woman. He would never go anywhere if he could help it unless she went along. I think all he lived for was her. He had eight million dollars in cash when he died, but she was his greatest treasure.

R: And she felt...
S: And she felt the same way toward him.

R: Aurilio, did Mr. Bogart take an interest in world affairs?

S: Yes. You know he joined the Navy in World War I. He always liked to keep up with the news.

R: Did he have any feelings about our position Korea? Did he think we should have done more, or—

S: You mean bombing Communist China and other such lands?

R: Yes.
S: I believe that he did. He was not afraid to fight. He

joined the Coast Guard from 1943 to 1945, even though he was working in the movies.

R: Were you a "fan" of Mr. Bogart's? Did you see any of his movies?

S: I have seen all of them; some here, some of them in Culligan, in the state of Sonora, Mexico, where I was born. My mother took me to see "The Petrified Forest" when I was a child.

R: When he worked in "Beat the Devil" with Lollbrigida, she was just becoming the formal sex queen of all Europe. What did he think of "Beat the Devil" and Gina Lollobrigida?

S: He liked her very much as a person, and all I can say is that he thought it was a good picture.

R: Let's talk about Mr. Bogart's trouble with cancer. Do you think Mr. Bogart had a premonition about this cancer being fatal?

S: Well, he was a very, very sick man from February 1956 all the way to January 1957. That's a long time to be in pain.

R: Especially from cancer.
S: Especially for such a good man. I have always thought that a sick man can sense when

the end is near, but I think Mr. Bogart wanted to believe to the end that he would be better. Sometime in the last two weeks before his death, he asked me to take his car, the Thunderbird, and have it serviced because he believed he was going to get better, and he wanted to take his son Stephen to Newport for a cruise on their boat, the Sautbas. He never stopped making plans.

R: When Mr. Bogart came home from studio work, what did he do to unwind, to relax?

S: Well, he would get in touch with some of his friends...
R: You mean the Rat Pack?
S: Yes, but it was not the same as the one with Sinatra now. It was casual; it was people of the same ideas, not the same—what you might call—

—aim.
R: When the scandals about Hollywood's Communists broke, didn't Mr. Bogart go to Washington to find out the real answers?

S: I remember Mr. Bogart went to Washington in 19—oh, I guess it was about 1947 with Miss Bacall when those people known as the Hollywood Ten were indicted...
R: And...?



"Oh how that man loved that woman... He had eight million dollars in cash when he died, but she was his greatest treasure."

S: He never lived to regret that trip.

R: Do you think it would have hurt him if he found out a friend had Communist leanings?

S: Yes, I believe so. Mr. Bogart was interested in political things. Especially he was interested in Mr. Stevenson.

R: He supported Adlai Stevenson?

S: Very much.
R: Did he have any definite reasons why he thought of Stevenson as a good presidential candidate?

S: He told me that he believed Mr. Stevenson was a better man than Mr. Eisenhower. He really believed that.

R: Did Mr. Bogart stay active in politics after Mr. Stevenson's defeat?

S: No; when he moved to Humbly Hills about then, he stepped being very active. His cancer started bothering him then.

R: I remember reading a report which stated that someone used to dress Mr. Bogart and put him on an elevator or some sort of dumbwaiter.

S: I'm the guy that did it. People used to call him and say, "Bogie, I want to see you about five o'clock or five-thirty" and he couldn't go downstairs by himself then, so either I or somebody else had to bring him downstairs.

R: Did he really want to go downstairs?

S: Naturally he did. He wanted the companionship of his friends. Mr. Bogart would ask me, "Will you be able to be here about five-thirty?" and I would say, "Yes, sir. I will shower and clean up and be here at five-thirty." Then he would smile and say, "That is wonderful."

R: When did you stop working for Mr. Bogart?

S: At the time of his death. Miss Bacall was very hurt when I quit—after he passed away I left Miss Bacall, you see. The reason I quit was because I didn't feel like going on... I was thinking of him all the time. I was thinking of him calling me and when I used to take him out in the front—that is the reason I quit Miss Bacall. Miss Bacall said, "How come you waited until Mr. Bogart passed away?" I told her I didn't quit before because I thought something was maybe going to happen.

R: Where are you working now?

S: I work in the Margaret Convent; it is a Catholic residence for the Order of Sisters of Mary Mother of God.

R: Mr. Bogart was a Roman Catholic at one time, but I understand that he was excommunicated.

S: That's right.
R: Do the nuns think badly of you because you worked for him?

S: Not at all. I will never have another boss like Mr. Bogart.

R: Finally, do you have any special memories of Mr. Bogart?

S: They are all special—the way I quit Miss Bacall. Especially I remember once about three days before he died, he called me to his room and said, "Aurilio, if I ever live again—if there's anything like reincarnation, I just want to live with Lauren." Oh, how he loved that woman. Then he gave me a beautiful new electric razor, some money, and some cologne and things from France, for me. I still have the bottles.



The Bogarts—Lauren Bacall, son Stephen, and Humphrey. Bogie had just returned from film work in Africa.

SMILE AWHILE

The funniest joke I ever heard was the story about the young Senator who was going to make his first speech in the Senate in less than an hour. He was very nervous as he stood in a corner going over his notes. After a little while, a woman who had been standing nearby came up to him and asked: "Are you Senator Johnson?" "Yes," he muttered. "Are you making a speech in the Senate today?" she went on. "Yes, I am," he answered. "Is it your first?" she persisted. "Yes, it is." She smiled, and said "I guess you must be terribly nervous." "No," he replied gruffly. "I'm not nervous in the least!" "Then would you please leave the Ladies' Room?" she asked.

The husband finally cornered the TV repairman who had been seducing his wife. "Look," he said, "here's a shot of you and my wife drinking in the livingroom of my apartment, on a night when the TV set was in perfect condition. Here's another of both of you dancing in the den, half undressed. And here's a third of both of you in bed making love. Now, what are you going to do about it?"

The burly TV repairman looked at the photos for a long time, nodding at each one. Finally, he turned to the husband: "All right," he answered, handing him the bedroom shot. "I'll take a dozen of this one."

Once upon a time a very pretty young maiden was taking a stroll through the woods, when she spied an extremely ugly bull frog sitting on a rock. Much to her amazement the ugly bull frog spoke to her.

"Lady," said the frog, "would you do me a great favor? Although it will be hard for you to believe, I was once a charming, handsome Prince, but a mean old witch cast a spell over me and turned me into an ugly frog."

"Oh, that is a shame," said the pretty young maiden. "I will do anything I can to help you overcome such a spell."

"Well," said the frog, "the only way this spell can be lifted from me, and that I can be returned to a handsome young man again, is for some pretty young maiden to take me home and let me spend the night under her pillow."

So the young maiden took the ugly frog home and placed him under her pillow that night. When she awoke the next morning, sure enough, there beside her in bed was a handsome young man — obviously of royal blood.

But do you know, that until this day her mother and father still do not believe her story . . .

There was a beautiful young woman who had only one fault: kleptomania. Finally, she consulted a psychiatrist in the hopes that he could cure her of this one failing. One day, after almost a year of treatment, he said to her: "Miss Jurgens, this is our final session. I believe that I have done all that I can for you. But in the event that you should ever suffer a temporary relapse, you will please pick me up a mix-master."

Small girl to parents urging her to eat: "But I don't want to grow up big and strong. I want to be pale and interesting!"

And then there was the third grader, who when asked if he knew what a person in charge of a library was called, promptly: "Sure. A bookie!"

The American correspondent was being conducted by a Soviet official through Moscow on a tour for his newspaper.

"And this is our amazing railroad system," the Russian announced with a gesture of glorious finality. "Notice the new compound magnesium rails, unheard of in the world of science!"

"Nice," replied the reporter. "How often do the trains leave?"

"Aed take note of our modern communication set-up; every signal works as far as a two hundred mile distance!"

"Yeah," said the correspondent, "great. When do the trains leave, though?"

"And here is the fantastic power plant which makes it all possible: an heretofore unheard-of combination of nuclear and solar energy."

"But when do the trains leave around here?" persisted the American.

The Russian official turned on him. "And what about Governor Foxbush?" he shouted.

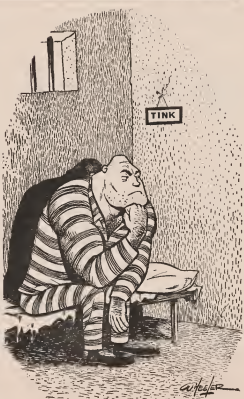
The country dude walked into the cosmopolitan New York bar, where only one customer and the bartender sat talking. "What do you sell in here?" he inquired.

The bartender turned from his other customer and, sensing the newcomer's rural background, answered: "We sell jackasses!" Whereupon the customer broke up into fits of laughter.

The country boy nonchalantly seated himself at the bar, however, and smoothly said: "Well, business must be pretty good, then, Mister. I see you've only got two left."

The young couple had been having a few too many drinks and they were both getting rather marose and sloppy in their reminiscences.

"Yo know sumpin'," said the girl with big tears rolling down her face. "I don't know



who in the world I am. I was left at a doorstep!"

"Say!" exclaimed the inebriated young man. "Maybe you're a milk bottle!"

The old spinster went to the zoo to see the monkeys. But, when she arrived at their cage, it was empty. "Where are the monkeys?" she inquired of the attendant. "They're out in back making love," he answered honestly. "Well, do you think they'd come out if we offered them some peanuts?" she asked. "Would you?" answered the attendant.

During the Rape of the Sabines, one particularly masculine soldier broke into the house of two maidens who were seated with their middle-aged guardian nurse. "Ahs!" exclaimed the Roman, "Make ready for my conquest, pretties!"

Simultaneously, the girls chimed: "Ravage us if thou must, strong soldier, but spare our faithful nurse!"

"Shut your mouths! interrupted the guardian, "war is war!"



"You're cute. Pass it on."



"Mary warned me about you!"

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

By CHET SWITWELL

Hollywood HAMLET is laughing itself silly over all the photos of *Lis* coming out of Rome. The shots show *Lis* looking like a taller-made man. *Burton*, the most revealing profiles of *Burton* is around his middle. Blubber. He may appear all right in his long Mark Anthony toga but those between scenes shots of him bare-chested in swim trunks, etc., show more of *Burton* than the studio wants shown. After all there's a picture to sell the womanhood all over the civilized world. . . . *Lis* has finally completed her scenes in *Cleopatra* but doesn't want the studio to reveal this fact because she wants to hang around while *Burton* completes his scenes. Which reminds me—*Vladimir Nabokov* wrote "Lolita" quite some time ago, so that girl must be grown up now. What's the sequel going to be about—after all Lolita must be up to something right? . . . *Jackie Gleason's* new TV is a *he* will be *Sylvia Langford*, a very funny young lady and worth millions and has played nothing but hillbillies in TV films thus far) . . . don't believe that *Gleason* drinks five quarts of whiskey a day, it's only four quarts. . . . His gifts to friends runs from a pig, 600 lbs. of fresh manure, a truckload of used furniture, a hutch full of multiplying rabbits or a basketful of shrunken heads. . . . *Jack* will cut in on any conversation by saying "Of course I want to meet *Bobbie Lee Turner*, but who is she? His favorite doll is *Sidney Friedlander*. . . . Funniest thing heard around the Hollywood jungle was the gossip that producer *Raul Levy* had to halt the shooting of his "Marco Polo" in India not because of monsoons but because of the way he was using his Diner's Club credit card. His entire company lived and ate on his credit card—costumes, props, etc., were all bought on the card. At the present, *Dorothy Dandridge* and company are waiting for the re-financing United Artists has promised for completion. . . . The thing causing the *Jane Fonda* divorce is lovely but aging English stars *Ann Todd*. *Pamela Mason* filed her papers in Santa Monica but not for divorce—it was for a separation—claims he will get over it and get back home where he belongs. . . . Another divorce looming large is heirless *Gloria Vanderbilt*; she's tired of her director *Sid Lumet* who was responsible for Twelve Angry Men, the greatest movie ever made. She actually has a son, the younger man and I'll bet there are those who recall when all the men she married were older, but much older. How things reverse themselves. . . . Watch for a shocker to come out of London concerning *Spyros Skouras*, ex-prexy of 20th Century-Fox. . . . *Lana Turner* may not yet be aware of the fact that her company has been tapped for the past three months, but it has. . . . How come that *Walter Winchell* repeated over and over in his column that, "Eddie Fisher, you are a Star," and up to this date Eddie has not had one TV guest spot offered him and no movie contract? . . . Big time columnizing sometimes takes a set back. Like capable pinch-hitter *Dorothy Manners* for sitting *Lucia Purnas*. Seems someone planted an item with her re one of her favorite dining spots and she used it in the syndicated column mentioning that long time waiters and lovers in the Oriental Kooloon were *Miki Taka* and *Lennie Bloodgood*. But there is no such couple. . . . At last it has happened, Actor *Laurence Tierney* who has been in and out of the pokies a hundred times in a comic drunk, was tossed in again when he was 40 days in the cold sober. . . . went in to be pal out of a similar charge and the police found that *Tierney* owed the court \$105 on a previous charge and not having that amount on him, in he went! . . . Beatusse negro vocalist *Joyce Sherrill* (with Benny Goodman's band in Russia) fast became the most popular singer in the Soviet Union. Her renditions of the Russian song of young love "Katyusha! Katyusha!" brought down the house every appearance and made *Joyce* the sheer delight of Russians wherever she appeared. . . . Explorer *Ralph Hallock* has an illustration on his calling card that puts readers in hysterics. . . . If you haven't read *Alan Watts's* article on the current copy of *Climax* magazine, then get it. . . . The things that girl writes about are naughty, but real naughty. . . . But just remember one thing: all the thoughts and ideas are *Mae's*, but the actual writing is always done by great humorist *Larry Lee*. Miss *Watt's* long time associate on things literary. . . . One of the more brilliant directors in the business is *George Cukor*, who has sort of a specialty in directing the big girl stars. Anyway he was asked how he got the reputation as the "woman's director" in the motion picture industry. With his penetrating sense of humor *Cukor* answered: "The best thing I can say that will make sense is the fact that the last two women I directed were *Gina Lollobrigida* in "Lady L" and *Marilyn Monroe* in "Something's Got to Give" and both films had to be abandoned by the studios. . . .



DID HOLLYWOOD KILL MARILYN MONROE?

Latest European sensation *Jeanne Moreau* (who took over *Simone Signorette's* place in the film of "The Victors" wears some fancy clothes (in that film) but actually runs around the set in the nude. But then she has also appeared in a several nudist films. . . . *Lana Turner's* errant daughter *Cheryl Crane* is now a model in a second rate Hollywood night club. She models bikinis. This joint is the same place where *Arn Gardner* recently danced more than half nude with a villainous looking character you wouldn't be seen in a dark alley with if you had a choice. . . . Latest of the "wolf pack" incentive drinks to unsuspecting virgins is the Hawaiian 1 root liqueur Okolehoo. Tastes so good the girls are fully off before they know it and then comes the rude awakening. . . . *Melina Mercourie*, the "Never On Sunday" star is a big girl with curves a bit too hold for the motion picture camera, hence she is perhaps the only female star in the business who must wear a corset before the cameras otherwise she would waddle like a duck. So she has to take a ribbing from the other girls on the studio lot which burns her to a crisp, as she puts it, she's all woman and would rather be naked underneath her frock like all the other female stars. . . . *Harold Lloyd* whose hedge-podge of scenes from his old comedies, "The World of Comedy" is playing to packed houses across the nation, is a genuine eccentric. He keeps a huge Christmas tree in his mansion living room all year around. His ornaments are worth thousands and that tree stands until the following Christmas when it is replaced with a new tree. Most of his upsholing on the furniture throughout the mansion is completely worn out and it will not be re-upholstered until he or his agents can find the same material and design used in the original. He sleeps in a "queen-sized" bed which, in case you didn't know, is larger than a "king-sized" bed. He is a very conservative dresser and just about everything he wears is made of pure silk so everything has to be made in England for him of nothing but nylon. . . . But "The World of Comedy" is one very funny film, so see it if you want to forget your troubles for an hour or two. . . . And if you don't have troubles, see it anyway. . . . *Jayne Mansfield* claimed she was simply thrilled that 20th Century-Fox Studios dropped her contract while she was working on "Panic Button", now shooting in Italy. But this writer can truthfully say she is not, considering the fact that while under contract she was getting that weekly pay check whether she was on a picture or between pictures. Now she will be paid only when working on a picture. Sure, her pay demands may be greater but stockholders are getting pretty fed up with that procedure after the big Fox fiasco. . . . Two tips: If you have invented any scientific device that would tip off hidden guerrillas in jungle warfare, get in touch with the Pentagon immediately, and if you want a new kind of cookbook, watch for the release of the "Madison Avenue Cook Book" soon to be on your book store stand. It was written for people who can't cook worth a damn and don't want other people to know it. . . . Best news for those who believe in the freedom of the individual, even to make an ass of himself or herself was the recent ruling by the California Supreme Court. It upheld the controversial *Carol Lane* (a strumpet) decision that no city or county in California can legislate against sexual relations between adults not married to each other. . . .

Teenage Rockeferees Launch Deeth

Maurice Thomas and David Johnson, teenage amateur scientists, squatted around a homemade missile in an empty lot. For months the boys had experimented, trying to perfect a rocket fuel. Now they had one that was both high-powered and safe—or so they thought.

The firing stage of the missile was a three-inch-long steel cylinder. To this, the boys had soldered a metal cigar tube—their version of a space capsule.

Everything was set for the launching.

But just as Maurice started the countdown, a friend, Robert Smith, walked up to watch the launching. Thomas warned him back, but Smith wanted a ring-side seat for this historic event. The fuse was lit and the fuel ignited. But the missile didn't go up—it blew up with an ear-shattering explosion heard for blocks. A fragment of razor-sharp metal whizzed through the air towards Robert Smith. But he didn't see it and the threat tore through his throat, severing his jugular vein.

Robert Smith would have been fourteen the next day.

Seat Belts Required by Law in Britain But Who's Going to Buckle 'Em?

John Hay, parliamentary secretary to the ministry of transport, announced recently in London that automatic safety belts are now required by law in all new English automobiles. The law has the potential of saving about 1,000 lives by preventing around 50,000 injuries in Britain during the coming year. Sounds good, doesn't it?

But Mr. Hay himself had to admit that there is no legal way to force drivers or passengers to use belts. You must have them—but you don't have to use them. Once again, the ridiculousness of politicians who try to legislate against sin is strikingly shown.

When will they learn that you can lead a horse to water. . . .

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KIDNAPERS TAKE HOSPITAL - FACILITY - THE CHART ROOMS!

By CURTIS W. CASEWIT

Lee Roy Leick didn't murder his wife himself. He hired a man for the job and tried to make it look like a robbery. It was a premeditated killing to collect the wife's insurance. Leick's lawyers needed at least 30 days to prepare a defense of sorts, so they pleaded "innocent by reason of insanity" for their client, who went to the Colorado State Hospital.

Once there, Leick had an inspection. He would bend the gas chamber. How? By faking insanity. During the first psychiatric examination, he therefore played the madman.

He screamed. He waved his arms. He thrashed at the mouth.

"Thank you," said Dr. J. L. Rosenbloom, the state psychiatrist.

Leick smashed his fists into the wall.

"That will do," said Dr. Rosenbloom and nodded.

Leick, to make a good showing, kicked the waste basket across the office. But once he was behind lock and key, he calmly sat down on his bunk, and grinned at his fellow-roomer, another criminal. "I sure fooled that psychiatrist!"

The door opened quickly. Dr. Rosenbloom said, "You didn't fool me at all."

Leick's face grew pale. He had been watched through a special peephole. He had had no idea that he would be watched day and night during the sanity examination.

During the next 29 days, he made several more attempts—and far better ones—at simulating insanity. But in every instance, some subtle mistake, some minor inconsistency gave him away. As his lawyers pushed the Leick case to higher and higher courts, they admitted that their client had been in perfect mental health before and at the time of the crime, but argued that he had become insane at the hospital, where he should be kept. In the end, however, Lee Roy Leick was declared sane and sent to the gas chamber. You just can't fake insanity.

Why do criminals try it, anyway?

According to the Anglo-Saxon law, an insane person cannot be executed. In fact, he won't even have to stand trial, because he cannot understand the charges against him. He can stay at the mental institution "until cured," which may mean only a year or two in some instances. And in 36 states, he will be released and not tried by the court. He will be a free man instead of a dead man.

That's why the insanity plea has become so popular, and why there are more fakers every year. Do they succeed? Hardly. Like Leick, most of the simulators overdo their act.

One of America's best-known psychiatrists, Little Rock's Dr. Louis H. Cohen, says that a man has to be a "genius at acting and Hercules of endurance" if he wants to get away with faking. "Insanity is not utter chaos," Dr. Cohen warns. "There is a pattern and order to it. There is continuity and coherence, too. The pretender's performance—if he can keep it up at all—just won't ring true."

Dr. Pat Apperson, a famous Midwestern specialist, thinks that a really good malingerer would have to be a former psychiatrist or psychology student.

A few intelligent fakers have come prepared with specialized knowledge. One convict brought to a North Carolina state hospital, for example, later admitted that he had spent nights in libraries to soak up psychological tidbits. He had, indeed, but not enough. Other malingerers have been assisted by unscrupulous attorneys, and some have even been coached by unscrupulous psychiatrists, without success.

Actually, the state hospital staff has the advantage. The trained psychiatrist is like a detective. He is armed with experience and his clinical efficiency. Once he suspects malingering, he becomes hell-bent to find the truth. What's more, he can use a dozen excellent

tests while the criminal can only use his own wits.

The would-be faker will be up against a lot of problems. What kind of mental illness will he assume? Will it blend with his personality? With the crime he has committed? Will he be able to keep it up for 24 hours a day during the full month he is under observation? And what sort of symptoms will he show? Excitement? Confusion? Depression?

Take the case of the killer who imitated a severe schizophrenic depression. He withdrew from the world. He no longer spoke to anyone. He feigned a complete loss of interest.

After a battery of tests, the doctors had their doubts. Was

He admitted simulating schizophrenia? You just can't fake it. Not for long, anyway.

Most malingerers are found out within 48 hours. In a Southern state hospital, for instance, a suspect acted so disoriented the first morning that he didn't even know his own home town. But by the second morning, the shrewd doctors already used his hobby—card playing—to prove his sanity. They placed some card players in his cell. The man's poker was perfect. He is playing in jail now.

The modern faker is lucky; in medieval times, suspected fakers were beaten, hung or burned. Even three centuries ago, confessions of sanity were obtained under threats of torture.

The 20th century state hospital has not much fun in store for the malingerer. During his first day the patient receives his prisoner's garb. Then in many instances, he is whisked into a physician's office for a spinal tap. If he is simulating loss of interest, he will become pretty interested during the next hour.

Head bowed, he will be placed in a chair. To diagnose brain damage, the neurologist will stick a needle into the patient's back. As the needle point enters the skin, the patient will feel a sharp pain, with sweat and trembling thrown in for good measure.

The spinal tap will make the convict's back ache for a week. His head will seem to crack for days. Interest in a book or with barred windows and a peephole until the overworked psychiatrist finds time for him.

At this point, a bit of calculation just isn't enough for the faker. He will fail in the deception unless he knows all the symptoms. Suppose he fakes paranoia. He knows he should have symptoms of persecution. But does he know everything about this disease?

Is the nature of the substance? Does his background and his behavior reveal a jealous nature? A suspicious person? Does he know the signs of his disease? Symptoms should be present.

The suspect may speak about hallucinations or delusions. But again he will be no match for

shown too standard ink blots. What do they look like? The answers will tell an experienced psychologist quite a lot about a man's mind. Most genuine paranoids, for instance, will see the same things—eyes, spies, devils, policemen—in the same picture. And the hair-tearing faker has no way of knowing the interpretations of the Rorschach. "Unless the subject is a skilled Rorschach worker, deception is practically impossible," says Dr. MacDonald. And the malingerer may also give himself away by his guarded or indefinite answers to the ink blots.

The Rorschach may be followed by I.Q. tests, such as the Wechsler-Bellevue, where arithmetic, block designs and picture arrangements will establish a man's intelligence. There will be the famous T. A. T. test to probe a man's relationship with others; there will be physical examinations to check for brain damage, encephalograms to test brain waves, sodium amyltal tests, where the convict gets a "truth serum" injection that makes him float into a trance, where he tells all.

And once a day, the man under observation will be grilled by the psychiatrist. The latter doesn't trust his memory; he'll use pencil and paper or a tape recorder to make a verbatim record, especially of conversations with men who fake answers. Says Dr. MacDonald: "If a man distorts the truth or withholds the truth, he can be easily caught by the inconsistencies in later interviews." According to Dr. MacDonald, the malingerer's answers are never favorable to him.

The note-taking is also useful for men who simulate confusion. How many months are there in the year? The psychiatrist will ask. Ten, says the suspect. List them. The doctor makes a note. The next day, he repeats the question. How many months in the year? Ten. List them. And as the malingerer names the months, he may name a different one, thus giving himself away. The psychiatrist only has to compare his notes to see that the man knew the names of all the months.

THE DOCTORS PARADED TWO PRETTY NURSES IN FRONT OF HIM—WHEN HE LET LOOSE A LONG WHISTLE, THE DOCTORS KNEW HE WAS NOT INSANE

this really a case of split personality? Was this man really sick?

The psychiatrists decided to trap him. According to Dr. John M. MacDonald, of Denver, two colleagues watched the man for several more days. He always sat at a window, his face dull, without the slightest expression in his eyes. When spoken to, the man didn't answer.

And one day, the psychiatrists put their plan into operation.

They came past the suspect's window with two new pretty nurses in tow.

The faker swiftly turned his head. His mouth fell open. He sat there, raptly watching the girls. When they had passed the window, he actually leaned over the sill and whistled. The fellow's normal behavior had been his undoing.

the psychiatrist, who knows that the mentally ill usually refuse to admit inner voices or visions.

By this time, many fakers have given up. Others will be startled by the psychiatric social worker, who has gathered quite a file on the suspect. Everything will be known about him—his school record, his work record, his army forces service, his marital history. Indeed, the social worker will interview the criminal's family, friends and acquaintances to get an accurate picture. If nothing in the suspect's background, the malingerer will have a hard time to fake it now.

No amount of self-control will help a faker's encounter with a Rorschach test. Here the patient is

John Gilbert Graham, who blew up an airliner with 44 people in 1955, tried to play insane at first. But the note-taking and the quick wit of John Galvin was too much for Graham.

According to a fascinating paper presented at the convention of the American Psychiatric Association in San Francisco, Graham simulated mental illness after his capture. "He walked very slowly," Dr. Galvin reported. "He had a vacant expression on his face. He even rolled his eyes in all directions."

When the psychiatrist asked Graham to look at him, the killer looked the other way. He didn't reply to questions. Later, he talked in monotonous. He claimed people were poisoning him. They were trying to poison him.

Continued on Page 24

CHILD MOLESTER

(Continued from Page 2)
could I suppose you think I'm just as perverted as a homosexual."

"You're worse. Do you think you're not hurting anybody? Do you think society should leave you alone?" My right fist was beginning to itch for his mustache, squeezing it.

"In a word, yes," he answered. "In ancient Rome, the emperors and patricians were permitted and even encouraged to sport with children of both sexes. It was considered a mark of high favor to have your child chosen as the nightly plaything of an Emperor or Senator." Bill, in confining empires with oligarchies, but I decided not to interrupt him—to let him run off at the mouth as much as he wanted. "And of course you know that those of us child-lovers who are wealthy—how can afford to live in Europe for instance—can find plenty of impoverished, destitute families which are only too glad to give up a pretty daughter for enough money to pay the family debts. I do come every day. But not by me. I get what I can, when I can get it."

My fist was really itching now. To think of the 19th century I had

"Bill, I think we both realize how much of a permanent impression this Marsha incident's made on you. Now let's talk about your sexual forays themselves. When did you first realize that you liked little girls better than big ones?"

"Well, I suppose it was when I was a boy of about twelve or so. I remember seeing a very cute little blonde girl walking home from school. She was aged six or seven at the time. I talked to her in the school playground; boys and girls were supposed to be segregated, but I'd asked her to her side when nobody was looking. Then one day I took her down into a basement near her home. I started kissing her, fondling her. The girls like that kind of treatment, and once you start, you can work your way up or down as far as you want. I don't think I'll ever stop you. Well, to make a long story short, the blonde was my first conquest. I felt, at first, a little guilty about it. At last, but I

crimes. And he was smug in the confidence that he would get away with many other acts of perversion before he was caught again.

"These days, mothers don't really watch their kids; they just send them out of the house in the afternoons, and forget about them while they clean house. Don't get me wrong; I'm not complaining. That makes it so much easier for me to meet a cute little kid and become her 'secret boyfriend.' I tell them I will be their 'secret boyfriend' if they promise not to tell their parents. This is a very serious exception, not the rule. The trick is to get a little girl's confidence, to make her like you and trust you. Then you won't run and tell her father the minute you try for a few kisses."

"Doesn't it ever bother you that, besides the crime you commit on these children, you are also betraying their innocent confidence and trust?"

"Bill turned to face me. "He has to—no. They have to learn about sex and love some way; why not from me? That's better than hearing dirty stories from their mischievous brats, isn't it? And I don't betray my girls; I help them find out what their little bodies are for. And I buy things for them. I don't destroy a kid's virginity, like some half-wits do. Actually, I'm helping them."

I recoiled with horror that he actually believed what he was saying.

"You aren't helping them, Bill, and you know it. You're doing a very real and deep harm to every little girl you undress. You ought to be behind bars, and the only reason you aren't is because you have a knack for making your victims trust you—something most child molesters can't do. Exactly how many times have you been jailed for child molesting?"

Bill jumped up became suddenly angry. "Never mind! Now mind that I should be jailed, and I don't like to talk about jail. If people had any decency, they wouldn't put me in jail for something that shouldn't be misinterpreted as a crime!"

Again, I couldn't help but notice his violently changing mood; his emotional outbursts. Beneath Bill's veneer of concealed intellectualism and seeming satisfaction was a disturbed and unhappy man. A jail cell or psycho ward would be safe places for such a personality.

I left Bill. As I drove home, I thought over what I was going to write and what I should be written. Obviously, what he had told me could not be used against him as evidence in a court of law. But it was a stand as an indictment against child molesters, and a primer of some of their methods. I am not going to add much in the way of sensationalism to what Bill has said himself. It's up to you to apply what he has said, and what I have written to your own family—your own daughter.

As much as I would have liked to, I didn't hit Bill; I was too busy writing. And one didn't live on a level of violence and carnal lust similar to his. No, you don't fight the child molester; you educate them. You fight them—and the anti-mind ideas that make them possible—by writing about them.

Inside the ports

By JOE DIEHL

I hate rock and roll but don't know The Twist.

I can't think of a better teacher than Ray Robinson. He's twisted his way out of some tough skirmishes in the ring and quite a few legal entanglements. There's nothing like that fancy foot-work in a crisis.

There are those who tell you that hitting the 300 victory mark will be the toughest pitching chore of Early Wynn's long career. Spahn reached the mark last year, but Wynn is going to have to go all out to make it this season. After you reach that 40 mark, all batters look like they can hit .300 against you, and unless you're lucky, it's all down-hill.

I predict that Early Wynn will win 300 big league ball games, but it won't happen until 1963!

OTHER PREDICTIONS:

Although Sonny Liston looms as an early favorite in his title fight with Floyd Patterson, the odds will dwindle to even money and pick 'em by fight time. Despite Liston's vaunted punching potency and Patterson's case history for not taking the best punch in the world, Patterson is respected for his guts in climbing off the floor. Then, too, he is rated a much superior boxer to Sonny, and the Smart Money boys are never too anxious to lay it in against the champion. Floyd's personal popularity will also be a factor. Boxing fans are far from sentimentalists, but after a fighter has been on top for a while, they start to believe in him. Liston, for all his glowing feats in the hinter lands, is still a relative unknown quantity to the masses, and he will lose in the fight of the decade.

I predict that this will be the last year that the major league play two all-star games.

And this will be Al Lopez's final season as manager of the White Sox. He will retire, or at least take a year or two off from baseball. Luke Appling, the long-time star shortstop of the Sox, will move up from the parent club's number one farm at Indianapolis to succeed him.

COMMUNIST S.S. TAX EXEMPT IN EUROPE

WASHINGTON SAYS "DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY" EXEMPTS RUSSIANS FROM LOCAL PROPERTY TAXES

What would happen if you didn't pay your real estate taxes?

You guessed it. There'd be a knock at your front door . . . and it wouldn't be a neighbor after a cup of sugar. You'd either have to put up (your tax money) or shut up (your house).

But for Russian officials in the United States who own real estate tax, it seems to be a different story. Before the tax collector's hairy knuckles even touch the Soviets' door, the air is filled with protests . . . and they come from Washington in support of the Reds, not the tax collector.

For a long time now the State Department and the United Nations mission to the United Nations have been trying to dissuade the city of Glen Cove, New York, from attempting to collect back taxes on Killenworth, the 36-acre home of the Russian U.N. mission. Washing-

ton argues that the Russians have "diplomatic immunity" and are therefore not subject to taxation.

But the mayor of Glen Cove, Joseph Reilly, obviously hasn't been convinced. "Prove it," he told the State Department, then proceeded to buy up \$26,875 in tax liens which he added to thousands of city liens in 1959 on the Russian property.

Next year the 1961 tax liens held by Glen Cove could be foreclosed. And, says Reilly, "Unless the Russians pay their taxes we'll proceed to foreclose just as we would against anybody else."

For a plenty of speculation about what will happen next year in Glen Cove. But if the Reds and their Washington allies do outmaneuver the Glen Cove tax collector, the Russians could have stumbled upon a crafty cold war weapon: Americans might go communist just to get some tax relief.

"I'm Not Hurting Little Girls," Said the Convicted Perver, 'Actually I'm Helping Them! They Have To Learn About Sex Some Way; Why Not From Me?"

called this man a friend! But I had a story to get, and I was going to get it. Regardless of personal feelings, I forced myself to continue. "Then what you're trying to say, Bill, is that you're bawling in fact of your child molesting on the early infatuation of Marsha?"

"No, not at all. I'm not blaming anyone for it. Not even myself. But I do think that Marsha and her games were a very great factor in my gradual emergence as a child-lover."

"You mean child molester?"

"Child-lover! You know, it's strange how over the years I've never forgotten little Marsha and the things she showed us—and didn't show us. I'll always remember how cheated and frustrated I felt with her. I guess I've been trying to make up for that sense of loss and ignorance ever since. Each time I got my hands on a kid, I'd like to say, 'See, Marsha! Now I know, too!'"

Bill had been restlessly pacing again, all through his last speech. Now, abruptly, he sat down. It was interesting to watch his face twitch, listen to his voice become hoarse as he talked about these earliest, and to my most interesting sexual experiences. And yet, in all the years I'd known him, I'd never suspected that he was perverted in any way. Bill had remarkable ability to hide his warped emotions in public. Here, in his room, he felt safe enough to let his true feelings show. Also

I felt 'very proud'.

"And didn't the girl tell her parents what had happened?"

"Of course . . . She enjoyed it. She thought it was a game. I never hurt little girls—I never physically rape them. All I do is—fiddle them. It gives me a chance to put my hands on them—just I want. Gradually I got them used to it. And gradually they came to expect it and want it. Do you know that I've had some g's come up to me and ask me to do it? The big secret of a successful child-lover is patience—patience and ingenuity!" He stopped long enough to walk over to the television set and switch it off. The kid's show had just ended.

"Are you trying to say that you gain the little girl's confidence by not causing them pain—but not attempting to have actual intercourse with them?"

"That's right. I just touch them, caress them—and make them feel good. That's how I get my pleasure. I'd never attempt intercourse with a kid. At most a little one. What you mean is 'am-perverted'?" He laughed.

I began to wish very hard that there were some way I could use this man's words against him. I tried to think of someone I knew—anyone—who could help me put this molester behind bars again. It did not take a Rhodes scholar to realize that Bill had been punished for only a tiny fraction of his

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DOG ATTACKS RECTOR SAVES HIS LIFE



Attorney Irwin Shulman gives Patsy a well-deserved reward. Patsy has been Shulman's "eyes" for over 10 years.

Would you consider a pint of chocolate ice cream a fair reward for saving someone's life?

That's what Detroit attorney Irwin Shulman presented Patsy when she stopped him from stepping on a high voltage wire. And she was quite content with her reward. But then Patsy's an unusual lady . . . she's Shulman's seeing-eye dog. And to her ice cream is a combination of nectar and ambrosia.

Patsy, a 22-year old boxer, is probably the nation's oldest working dog. She's been the eyes of Shulman for the past ten years . . . and his life saver more than once.

The first time Patsy saved Shulman was when a thug attacked and robbed him. Patsy fought off the attacker and then chased him. He escaped . . . but not for long. The thief caught the exhausted and frightened bandit just a short while later.

Two days later the bandit was brought into court and identified by Patsy's barks. Police had to restrain the dog from attacking the man who had assaulted her master. Thanks to Patsy, the thief is now serving a 5 to 15 year term in Michigan's Jackson Prison.

"Patsy saved my life a second time four years ago," recalled Shulman. "It was during a windstorm and I was late for court. Naturally I was in a hurry to get to court as I had a case scheduled. But when I started to cross the corner near

the courthouse, Patsy stopped and refused to go any further. I tried to push her ahead but she wouldn't budge. When I got impatient, so did Patsy. She stood on her hind legs and bit my right shoulder."

Shulman smiled as he rubbed his shoulder. "It was a bite that drew blood and hurt . . . but a lot from that wire would have been fatal." Police, attracted to Shulman's plight by Patsy's barking, credited the dog with saving her master's life and possibly the lives of others.

Patsy never forgets experiences like these, just as she didn't forget the bandit who attacked her master. "She's got a mind like an elephant," said Atty. Jack J. Kratzman, an associate of Shulman's. "And I've got proof of it," he said, laughing.

"About eighteen months ago," explained Kratzman, "I accidentally stepped on Patsy's front paws in court. She gave a yelp . . . and since that time whenever she gets near me in a courtroom, she gives a warning growl."

Patsy doesn't forget pleasant experiences either. "She's got her own special taste in food," said Shulman. "Give her ice cream, sloe gin, beer—just about any brand of liquor. In fact—and she's quite happy. She turned up her nose at anything else. She knows what she likes and that's all she wants."

But you can't bribe Patsy with these goodies. Kratzman tried and failed. "I've tried to make her forget that paw stamping I gave her in court, but it can't be done. I've given her chocolate ice cream, hamburgers, candy—I've tried everything. But it doesn't do any good. She still growls at me in court."

Two or three times each week for the past ten years, Patsy has been escorting her master to Recorder's Court, Circuit Court, Probate Court, Juvenile Court, and Federal Court. Patsy knows the court they're heading for by the bus Shulman takes.

Despite the fact Patsy loves beer and sloe gin—and even been a bit drunk at times—she has done a perfect job," said Shulman. "She's never made a mistake and taken me to the wrong court."

Shulman reached down and patted the husky neck of his dog. "There'll never be another working dog like Patsy," he said. And from the way he hugged the big dog's neck, you knew he meant it.

DEBTS BURN HOLE IN CONSCIENCE SO TRAVELS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR JUST TO PAY A HOTEL BILL

"A man's just got to pay his debts," said Henry S. Woodward. And as proof that his actions speak as loud as his words, Woodward traveled by train, plane, taxi, ocean liner, and tugboat . . . just to pay a bill.

It all started a few weeks ago when Woodward packed his duds and dollars and left sunny Florida for a holiday in foggy London. But London turned out to be as expensive as it was foggy. And when Woodward decided to pay his hotel bill and return to Florida, he found more bill than money in his pocket.

Then he remembered that his

sister, Mrs. William Pinlay, was arriving in Paris the next day aboard the liner France. He spoke to the London hotel manager and assured him he was going to Paris so he could pay his bill, not get away from it. Then he hopped a jet to Paris to find his sister.

But in Paris Woodward discovered that his sister's liner stopped first in Southampton, England before it docked at LeHavre, France. So scraping together most of his remaining dollars, francs and pounds Woodward got a return jet to London and arrived there just in time to take the 5:40 a.m. train to Southampton. From South-

ampton Station, Woodward, now down to his last 10 shillings (\$1.40), took a cab to the pier where the France was docked.

With the help of fractured French, Woodward tried to convince the ship's stewards that he'd only be aboard the liner a short while. The ship's rules said no, but Woodward's persistence won out and he was allowed to board. This time he did find his sister and after telling her his misadventures she gave him a check and some cash.

But in true slapstick fashion, the liner pulled away from the dock before Woodward could

get off!

Again more rules were broken for the American businessman . . . and probably insipid of his story, not because of it. The ship's officers, scratching their heads in disbelief, had the radio operator call a tugboat which took Woodward from the liner and returned him to Southampton. There, tired but determined, Woodward rushed back to the railroad station and took the first train to London.

Back at his London hotel, just 26 hours after beginning the hunt for his sister, Henry Woodward paid his hotel bill in full.

"He didn't have to do this at all," said an astonished hotel spokesman. "But he's obviously one of those honest Americans who've got to get things settled. And as you say, 'brother, he did.'"

And Woodward? He returned to Paris to meet his sister. "I feel wonderful now," he told reporters at the airport. "But when I owe money it burns a hole in my conscience."

THE GROTESQUE WORLD OF FREAKS

CAN THEY WORK, MARRY and LOVE?

By GEORGE LITTLEFIELD

You'll never appreciate what it means to be able to run, to dance, or to trip and fall flat on your backside, until you see a man who calls himself "Turko."

Turko can't do any of these things—because his body ends just below his navel. In Chicago's Riverview Park House of Wonders, Turko is billed as the Quarter Boy.

Take one look at him and you'll see that it's an apt name. To call himself half a man would be a compliment! Turko and his Chicago cohorts make up one of the few remaining chapters of the weird and little-known fraternity of professional freaks. His cohorts? Well, there's Hugh Bailey, the Crawfish Boy; Manuelito, an accomplished acrobat and contortionist—despite his horribly twisted and useless legs; and Jose de Leon, an armless boy who can somehow

shuffle cards with his feet. I've seen many others come and go at the House of Wonders. There were the Mule-faced Lady, the Seal Boy, the Two-Faced Man, and the Leopard-Woman, but they're all gone now. There's only a few left at Riverview. But they're a few to be reckoned with!

I wanted to get the Inside story of the world of carnival and circus freaks while there was still time. Ten years from now, maybe five, the distorted world of Tom Thumb and the Titled Lady will have gone the way of the canvas Big Top, and the lovely House of Wonders will be pulled down and replaced by still another carry ride. Even the great Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus no longer features a traveling side show. The pro freaks are dying out. Why?

That's just what I asked Lew Hamilton, probably the only Ph.D. in the world currently managing a freak show. I met Hamilton in his tiny, cluttered office just off the sidewalk midway. His desk and portions of the walls near it were covered with the old handbills, ticket stubs, calendars, and showbusiness odds and ends that I expected to find in the quarters of a carry boss. The room looked like the inside of a gypsy wagon. Mr. Hamilton—looked like Mr. Hamilton. He was every inch a carry boss, despite his Ph.D. He listened as I talked about the shrunken off freaks. Then he took a long drag on a fifty-cent cigar, exhaled, and pushed back his battered, grey felt Stetson.

"Of course there are fewer freak births now. Modern science, prenatal care, education—they're all robbing me of the freaks I need to stay in business. And as if that wasn't enough, today's parents are more stubborn than ever about putting their freak children on public display. In the old days, I could depend on poverty to influence some of them to sign a contract. After all, money is money. But today, the standard of living is so damn high that I can't even count on that. And now more than ever before I find parents of freak children who want to isolate their kids—to 'put them in a closet,' so to speak. It wasn't like that ten years ago."

Hamilton's reminiscing about the good old days wasn't very touching. It made me wonder why a freak would ever want to put himself on exhibition in the first place.

"Pride," said Hamilton. "Money and pride. Most of my performers are really almost physically helpless. What kind of work could a man with hands growing out of his shoulders get to? When a really bizarre freak reaches the age of twenty-one, he faces a big decision. By rights, he can commit himself to a government hospital for the rest of his life, as a ward of the state. He'd never have to worry about another meal. He can do this—or he can earn a decent living through his own efforts by placing himself on public display in my show. Here, a freak can earn an honest living no matter how deformed he is." Hamilton

suddenly quit talking and stared at me hard. "I know what you're thinking about people who work in and around freak shows. It seems like a strange and vulgar way to make a living, doesn't it?" I took a look around me. He was right. "Well, I consider this House of Wonders a legitimate part of show business. And so do the people who work here."

"Everyone to his own opinion."

He put his cigar out and marshalled his thoughts. "Let me tell you," he said, "about Betty Lou Williams."

Betty Lou Williams was Lew Hamilton's star performer and greatest discovery; she was one of the strangest and most well-paid freaks of nature since Chang and Eng, the Siamese Twins. Betty Lou commanded the phenomenal salary of \$3000 a week at state fairs and the larger amusement parks, until her death at twenty-three. Run-of-the-mill side-shows brought her a relative pittance—only \$400 a week. Why were promoters eager to pay her such fantastic sums for merely exhibiting herself?

Because Betty Lou Williams was a being born with two bodies, four arms, and four legs! A good friend of mine saw Betty Lou performing at a circus near San Diego. In the early forties. It was an experience he has never forgotten. A few nights ago, over a couple of beers, he described her to me as "a normal-enough looking woman—except for the fact that between



Hugh Bailey, The Unbelievable Crawfish Boy.



Turko, The Talented Human Fragment.

(Continued on Next Page)

INSIDE SHOWBIZ

By VESP AERIES

The one and only Ella Fitzgerald was playing at Gene Norman's CRESCENDO on the Sunset Strip, and what a performance she gave! As soon as the great Ella started to sing, you could have heard a pin drop. Her rendition of the ballad "Misty" was the epitome of her show. She has the faculty of putting so much feeling into a torch song that she can actually draw tears from the eyes of her audience. While she was singing "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered," she got scraps from the customers with the line, "there are ants that invaded my pants!"

... and explained it off by shouting "It's on the record—it's on the record." Ella's ad lib is really fabulous. While she was singing "Hallelujah," she ended the song by doing a bump on the back of the Hallelujah and exclaimed, "They say you have to be sexy in a song these days, and this is the best I can do!" If you get the chance pick up Ella's Verve recording of "Ella in Hollywood," which was recorded live at the Crescendo the last time she was in town, and you'll experience some of the sensations I'm talking about.

Well, what do you know? Twentieth Century Fox has sued Dean Martin for \$5,600,000. That's a big hunk of dough to pay for any woman, even if she is Marilyn Monroe. Guess that 20th is mad at Martin for two reasons: one, he refused to play (?) with anyone but M.M., and the other, he's worth \$2,239,000—two—he misrepresentation himself because he at no time had intended to do the film with anyone but the famous M.M. Dean's misrepresentation could cost him another \$2,339,000 plus \$1,000,000 punitive damages. What about Marilyn? All Twentieth was from her is a half million bucks. However, every cloud has a silver lining and two guys have made money from "Something's Got to Give." Still photographers Lawrence Schiller and William Woodfield were the lucky lads who took stills of Marilyn during her nude swimming sequences and sold their prints to top magazines all around the world. They picked up the rights for the U.S.—so far the boys have taken in over \$50,000—what a way to feather your nest!

The sensationalistic cryers of doom for Marilyn Monroe's career are full of hot air. The late Rudolph Valentino, hounded by Paramount and went on to appear on dance hall floors doing the tango, came back with a fortune, then hounded successfully into pictures again until his untimely death. . . And if you want to recall, Lana Turner was hounded off "Anatomy of a Murder" by Preminger, and don't forget Judy Garland was hounded off "Annie Get Your Gun" and replaced by Betty Hutton. . . Then, too, there is the chance that Dean Martin and Frank Sinatra may buy the rights to that film from Twentieth and produce it with the 36-year-old Marilyn. You can say what you want about the bondage of women in Mecca who are released to their own devices when they reach 36, our 26 year old Miss Wiggles has a lot of good performance in her 36-26-36 yet...

Back to Mae West, she could be taken for a woman of not more than 45 years of age (and sometimes looks even younger). She spends three hours each morn at her dressing table. And she could be working constantly in films if she had not placed a program of taboos regarding her motion picture career. Her taboos consist of these: She will not appear in any story that calls for her to be a widow with children, a divorcee, or a married woman. Jerry Wald, Boris Petroff and other producers have brought stories for her consideration teamed up with Marilyn Monroe once as a mother and daughter team, but no soap. . . and once with Jayne Mansfield (who hurled Mickey Hargitay from Mae) also as a mother-daughter team, to which Mae said, "I don't want anything under Mae West, not only looks young, but feels young, as indicated by the incident related by my one time friend who reports of the intense young Latin lover Mae glommed onto. He wrote mad, red hot letters to the appreciative Mae until one day this friend found Mae pacing the floor of her boudoir with a letter in her hand. . . . the old Mae West style. Asked what was wrong, she said the pink wants to get married and if that ain't bad enough listen to this: He wants to have children. She stared at her friend and continued: "And I ain't ready for kids yet." You're as young as you feel. . .

Gradually as many colors are becoming so... and at the rampaging incense in just a few features... water modeling in huge backless glass tanks. . . Some of the places have the girls swimming through your point of vision with the most abbreviated diaphanous nightgowns

which can be definitely mistaken by your wife or girl friends as no clothes at all. . . "A one and a two and a three" Lawrence Welk (who once told this writer that the small town he came from in North Dakota was so far back in the woods that they had to swing from tree branch to tree branch to get to the mail box) is packing them in at Harrah's Club in Tahoe, Nev., plushest of the swank joints in that State where the booze flows like water. Welk, however, doesn't touch snakebait in any form. . .

Famed Coconut Grove in Los Angeles where the stars go to see stars is putting together a show built around the second generation such as Harold Lloyd, Jr., Jack Haley, Jr., Mickey Rourke, Jr., and a dozen more including the daughter of the late Lou Costello, Carol. This act is not only a beauty, but has talent as a singer of sultry tones. The high story is that this girl, now 23, has been pounding on the doors of the studios for some five years. Maybe Dean Martin should grant her a small part in one of his films: it was the late Lou Costello who paid the bill to have Dean nose bobbed when Dino was trying to break into pictures. . .

Perhaps the spiciest reading around town is Van Velt's book "Ideal Marriage." One chapter in that book has kept it from getting "mailing approval" from the Post Office all these years and now suddenly Hollywood has discovered the chapter and "Ideal Marriage" may hit the best seller list very shortly. . . But like WOW when you read that chapter. . . If you have prudish tendencies, better forget it. . . and go back to your WCTU cross word puzzle. . .



STEVE ALLEN

... Are you some kind of a nut? If you think you are, then contact the new Steve Allen TV show via Goldwyn Studios, Hollywood. . . And if you are some kind of freak—a super-dreadnought-sized amazon or a bearded lady or midge, etc., then contact the Helen Tenney Agency in the same HAMLET.

Pat Boone's own company, Cooga Mooga, will film Dr. Henley's "The Dancing Mountain." All about a ski instructor who will teach the girls the hiaton (whatever that is) . . . Rex Bell, former movie cowboy star and husband of the "TT" girl Clara Bow (and now Lt. Gov. of Nevada), could have easily become the next governor of that state, he was that popular. . . Jack Paar's book "Ty Sabers in Ben" is now on the bargain counters at half price. I guess it is bent. . .

Jackie Cooper has been signed by Walt Disney as the producer of a new TV series titled "The Red Car" and also signed to star in a new TV series for his own production company. . . At seventy, Mae West still has a mirror fastened to the ceiling over her KING size bed and a canopy to obstruct the view. . . The L.A. Police Dept. has a dictum on how far the busifisterous strippers can go in revealing the hazzoma. You can show the target but not the hell's eye. . .

Talk about runaway productions running away from Hollywood, New Israel plans a 25 acre, 3-million dollar motion picture studio at Kiryat Ona near Tel Aviv. . . You can bet George Jessel will be among the first to produce a film there with some young shiksas provocative proportions and desirable attributes. . . Unless Washington stops making beasts of burden out of the men who make pictures (or run factories), this country will be devoid of industry in 10 years. . .

Doctors Fail To Save This Arm

William Anthony felt hot pain throbbing in the stump of what had been his left forearm. And at the same time he felt hope throbbing in his heart—hope that the most skillful surgeons in the world at Good Samaritan hospital would be able to re-attach his severed limb.

Anthony remembered the many newspaper stories he'd read just a few months ago: "Doctors Perform Impossible Operation," "One-Armed Boy Regains Arm," "Doctors Attach Severed Arm: It Lives!" At that time he cared little about arms or operations; he had been too busy serving a term of non-support in the Hart's Island Workhouse.

But one night Anthony's uneventful job in the workhouse kitchen wasn't so uneventful. One of the other inmates was in a bad temper, and started to argue with Anthony. Inevitably, there was a fight.

Suddenly the man picked up a meat ax and slashed at Anthony. There was a crunch of bone, and Anthony collapsed to the floor, his left arm severed just below the elbow.

Anthony and his forearm were immediately taken to Bellevue, where doctors weighed the chances of saving the arm. They decided to try.

The doctors managed to make the difficult sutures and connections and started the blood flowing again through the main arteries. But deadly blood clots formed in the smaller vessels which they could do nothing about. Another decision was made: the arm was re-amputated.

Today William Anthony is a one-armed prisoner.

Quick On the Draw Cop Grabs Suspect

Miss Lorraine Jones is a cashier for a currency exchange in one of the Midwest's largest cities, so she didn't think twice about the man who kept entering and leaving the exchange one Tuesday—she was used to people coming in and going out at three hours a day. When her phone rang, she took it for a business call and answered in her finest "professional" tones. Made sense, she thought, the anonymous voice on the other end of the wire warned Miss Jones that her frequent visitor was planning to rob her, but that, she called the police.

Policeman Adolph Neruda pulled up just as the suspicious man was about to enter the currency exchange. Neruda arrested Major Brown, searched him, and found a pistol in his pocket—a toy one. Brown stated that although he had once served seven years in a federal penitentiary for burglary, he was not planning to rob Miss Jones who he entered the currency exchange. All he had intended to do was to find out where the nearest blood bank was, he said. He then gave a pint of blood, he explained.

Although touched, policeman Neruda escorted Brown to the Station, anyway.

CHICAGO- STILL "HOG BUTCHER FOR THE WORLD"

By GEORGE LITTLEFIELD

Ever wonder just how that pork sausage on your plate got to be pork sausage?

Or where the expression "stuck like a stuck pig" came from?

Or just exactly how a pig gets chopped into thousands of pieces at a meat packing plant?

I never cared about the "how" of the great meat packing industry until a few months ago when I took a good look at a photo report in the NATIONAL INSIDER called "The World's Greatest Grocery." In a pageful of frank and unforgettable pictures, the INSIDER told the story behind the story of France's horse meat industry—from the slaughterhouse end.

After reading that, I wanted to know—Is America's meat packing done at such a primitive level? And what about working conditions in the plants themselves? Are America's plants using the same hundred-year-old methods as those of France? Do the animals here die squealing in agony?

I set out with my photographer to visit a "typical plant." It is four stories high, and covers an entire city block.

The plant looks like a huge brick box covered with a crumbling coat of green paint. In the packing business, appearance doesn't count—performance does. Standing on the

tarred roof of the big, boxy plant, I could see two or three truckloads of good looking live hogs being guided onto a ramp four stories below. One by one the hogs trudged up this ramp, up four stories, until they reached the top level of the building. They were never again to return to the ground alive or in one piece.

An Animal's Death

In a few minutes the lead hog was prodded into a tunnel-like contraption which enclosed a special conveyor mechanism.

Now the animals are gripped securely beneath their legs and carried along to their death. At the end of the tunnel, a man waits with a "stunner"—a rod which delivers a very powerful electric shock. The electrodes touch the pig's head; he is slammed into unconsciousness.

Then the hog is lifted high in the air, head hanging down, and the machinery continues to move him slowly along the ranks of workers. One man grips a large, sharp-edged butcher knife. As the "dead-end" hog is pulled by the man "sticks" the animal—drives the knife down into the pig's throat, puncturing its jugular vein.

The animal feels nothing. Blood suddenly spurts everywhere from the hot, bubbly fountain in its throat. The

walls, floors, and ceilings are spattered and dripping with blood. The sticker's clothes are slick with it.

And the heavy, musky smell of fresh-killed meat hangs in the air so that no one takes deep breaths. The fact remains that such killing is vital and that modern science, spurred by business' profit motive, lets this be done in the most humane way possible.

But still some blood must clot on the walls. Progress, 1962 style, can only do so much.

The conveyor line now carries the hog corpse away from the outer pen and slaughter areas, and into the plant itself. Soon men will begin cutting the animal apart, but first it must be cleaned, and its inedible bristles removed. This cleaning and bristle removing process is the most disagreeable operation in the whole plant.

Pigs in Paragery

Picture a small, dark room. Fires flash and cauldrons bubble. An overhead chain runs creakingly through this "chamber of horrors" that feeds a country. Fastened to this chain by the exposed tendons of its own hind legs, the body of a hog swings into view. Slowly it is dunked into a simmering, molten mess of resin. It emerges covered with the black slime, which drips off with gobs of detached hair as the corpse



This is one of the many fates awaiting pigs in Chicago's packing plants. These cellophane-wrapped whole hogs are just right for roasting on giant spits. The biggest buyers of this odd cut of pork are the Chinese and the Gypsy population of the Windy City, who have their own special recipes for turning a headless hog corpse into a delicacy.

moves along. Finally, the hog is scorched white and hairless by flaming gas jets to burn away the last of its bristles. The smell of blood, resin, fire, burnt hair, and ofal permeates every corner of the room.

It is indescribably repugnant. The temperature of this same area seems to be above one hundred degrees Fahrenheit.

This room is another throw-back which cannot be avoided or replaced; it contrasts vividly organization, automation, efficiency, and sleek working conditions in the rest of the plant.

The chain-hung corpse is next guided into a huge room where, along with many other dead porkers, it is trimmed, slit open, and eviscerated. Because of its molten resin bath, the pig is now antiseptically white and clean, fit to hang in any butcher shop.

Automatic Slaughter

From here on, there are machines and conveyor belts, chutes and trap doors. And everyone is cutting, chopping,

and slashing with a razor-sharp efficiency. Each person has an assigned task which he performs with professional ability—almost "talent."

One man's duty is to remove the hog's head, trim off the ears and outer imperfections, and pitch it to the next man in line. This specialist splits the hog's head lengthwise on an automatic chopping block, removes and sorts the brains and the pituitary gland, and tosses what's left into a wheelbarrow-like container across the room.

There is something strange about a pile of thirty staring, split, and grinning hog's heads.

The average meat packing plant is a strange factory-in-reverse which starts out with a finished product and breaks it down to thousands of component parts. It is a paradoxical meeting of dripping blood and coffee breaks, of butcher knives and closed-circuit television. It's a tribute to business and a boon to meat eaters.

And it's interesting as hell.



At the stockyards, the hogs await death.



Scalded and scorched, they're ready to be dismembered.



This expert does nothing but slice and trim hogs' heads.



Trimmed and gutless, the carcasses hang in a huge refrigerator.

JUMPS INTO BOX OF GLASS!

INSIDE SLUG! PEOPLE

By GEORGE M. GOLDSMITH

"I climb ladders for a living. That's all. And when I get to the top I jump off. It's not very high, only about ten feet."

Easy way to make a living? That's what we thought when we heard this. So we decided to check up on this dream job. After all, it's a lot easier than spending eight hours over a typewriter that sticks.

We didn't get private showing of this dream job. Instead we sat with a couple hundred other people under a canvas tent. After a few minutes the ladder climber, dressed in a rather imposing genie costume, complete with turban, walked barefooted into the arena.

After bowing deeply to the audience, he walked to a ladder, bowed again, pulled a salami from his sleeve and proceeded to slice it into thin pieces . . . using the rungs of the ladder as a slicer! What every butcher needs . . . a ten foot ladder with

razor-sharp knives for rungs.

After nibbling a bit of salami, our genie reached up, hooked his hand around a rung and jumped onto the ladder. As we're squamish, we closed our eyes at this point and only after a few seconds opened them. We expected to see sliced genie next to the sliced salami. But we were wrong. He'd scurried up the remaining rungs and was now perched . . . in one piece . . . at the top of the ladder.

Needless to say we gave him a cheer. After all, not many of us could scamper up fifteen knives, then sit on the top one and scratch an itch on the bottom of our foot!

We all waited for the genie to make a graceful leap to the ground and then go to his dressing room for a well-deserved salami sandwich. But instead another genie, skipped lightly into the arena, pushing before her what seemed to be a child's

sandbox. Well, we thought, maybe his feet aren't so invulnerable after all and he's got to make a soft landing.

But again, for the second time in our life, we were wrong. The lady genie didn't pour feathers into the box, she poured bushels of shattered plate glass, broken bottles and razor blades.

Then, standing on the top rung, the genie jumped into the box!

There was a sickening scream, but it came from the lady next to us, not the genie. He seemed quite happy, prancing and jumping playfully in his box to the accompaniment of grinding glass and razor blades.

Oh well, we thought. Maybe it is easier to slave over a hot typewriter every day. But our visit did teach us one thing. We know why they call the genie MR. IRONFEET!

If you are one of the many millions of members of the Columbia Record Club, be prepared for a big change in club policy. The club has just hours to answer charges made by the Federal Trade Commission of monopolistic practices, and illegally suppressing competition in the record industry. Digging 'inside' these charges, the record club made agreements with five independent record companies to release their records through the club. FTC maintains that this is taking an unfair advantage over the other two clubs (RCA & Capitol) who only utilize their own labels. Further charges were that Columbia by using the bonus record plan (one record free for every two purchased) is less than the price charged for their records to dealers. The FTC will probably win—since these days the government not only fights the battles, but also implies them. Kind of reminds you of big business under the National Socialists in Germany (Nazi, for short).

Freedom in movies has triumphed once again. The New York State Board of Regents had tried to ban the movie, "The Connection", which deals with dope addiction. Main objection was the language used in the dialogue, but the N. Y. Supreme Court said neither the movie nor the script was obscene, and gave the picture the green light. Also in Washington, D. C., the House Commerce Committee said no probe of sex in movies would be made although a few Congressmen had made a request . . . Dorothy Lamour, who has been off the screen for a long, long time, has cashed in on her role in "Road to Hong Kong." John Ford has signed her for a major part in his latest production "Donovan's Reef." Picture naturally stars John Wayne. The "Duke" is taking it easy aboard ship on his way to Hawaii, where the film is to be shot. . . . Another gal who was in her hey-day during the Lamour era, and has big plans upon her return from London, is Judy Garland. Not only will she be preparing for a TV Spectacular, but is also scheduled for fifteen concerts throughout the U. S. Judy, whose weight is almost back to her wartime level, is also considering a Vegas deal for the fall. . . . The GI's in Europe are complaining again about Darryl Zanuck's, "The Longest Day." Last year, the Senate requested that the Department of Defense investigate complaints by GI's that they were threatened by their superior's with unpleasant extra duties if they didn't co-operate in assisting Zanuck during the shooting sequences of the Normandy Invasion. Defense said that there was nothing to it, but the GI's are still complaining, and I'll bet anything there was a lot of pressure put on the "dop-faces." If they scream loud enough, perhaps they will get an impartial investigation. . . . While on the subject of the Army, Frank McCarthy, 20th Century Producer, is trying to get Earl Lancaster to play General George Patton in the picture of the General's life to be filmed in the near future. McCarthy conferred with Lancaster in Palermo, Sicily, where the latter is making "The Leopard." The greatest movie of the year may be Lancaster's "Birdman." . . . Bo Belinsky, Los Angeles Angels Pitcher, and Kay Stevens back together again—separation was due to Angels being on road while Kay was in Reno working on Danny Kaye's latest, "The Man From the Diners Club." . . . Latest from Lake Tahoe: Julie Prowse at the Cal-Neva Lodge to "morally" support Sinatra for his opening. The day Prowse flew back to L.A., Eddie Fisher arrived at Tahoe to replace Sinatra for a couple of days. Frankie then takes off for L.A.—Round one belongs to Sinatra. . . . The latest status symbol here is to have a four-speaker stereo installed in your Rolls. Latest members of the auto stereo club: Milton Berle and Sammy Davis, Jr. . . . Jimmy Durante struck the back of his head during a scene in Stanley Kramer's "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World." It stunned the schnoz momentarily, but the bump started to get bigger and bigger. When Durante saw it in a mirror he exclaimed, "Now I've got a knob on da backa my face as big as da one on da front."

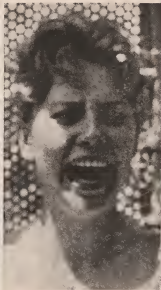


George M. Goldsmith



Rusty razor blades and shreds of broken glass are soothing to Mr. Ironfeet. Care to join him?

A GIGGLE OF GIRLS AT RIVERVIEW



The INSIDER'S roving photographer spotted these career girls after hours being amused at an amusement park.



TIME HE WAS ALIVE!

HIS LAST HOURS ON EARTH WERE SPENT IN SCREAMING AGONY

By BOB TRALINS

"Please God!" he screamed, "Help me!" He was trapped, crushed in a vise of death that slowly squeezed the life out of him. An overturned, 32-ton cement truck was pinning him down while the lower half of his tortured body stiffened, held fast in hardening cement. Could they get him out? Could they do it in time? Was he as good as dead, anyway?

Only a few minutes before, Alfred Barnes and his three fellow construction workers were happily singing while their picks and shovels rhythmically dug into the ten-foot deep ditch behind the auditorium at Miami Beach, Florida.

"Hey, John Henry!" Alf's melodious tenor voice sang out. "Whatcha gonna git the kiddies for Christmas, John Henry?" It was the happy sing-song of a musician. But it wasn't on a nice clean stage. This was in a pit of mud and sand. And there wasn't an orchestra. Only the clanking of jack-hammers and power machinery.

John Henry Potts rested on his spade and wiped his brow with a forearm. Powerful muscles rippled beneath the blue denim work shirt. Glistening white teeth flashed in a grin. He winked at M. C. Porch and Sam Carleton, digging a few feet ahead of him, grabbed a shovel again and began chanting in a booming bass voice: "Let's see now," turning over the dirt, "I gotta lot of gitting to do. Gonna get me a great big shopping bag, and cash man payroll check down at the de-part-ment-store. That's what ahm gonna do."

The roar of a cement truck backing toward the ditch drowned out their voices. No one seemed to notice. They were used to that. The work in the ditch (a storm sewer under construction) was a progressing rapidly and the construction men were hopeful that they'd be far enough ahead of schedule to take off a couple of extra days.

Outside, on the bank of the ditch, the huge 32-ton cement truck owned by Maule Industries began to shift a little. Before the driver, Ernest B. Greer, could react, the gigantic machine flipped over as if the loose dirt of the bank gave way. Like a child's toy plunging down the side of a sandbox.

Upside down, it plunged onto the four workmen. The three men in Alfred Barnes' gang were instantly killed, their bodies beneath tons of cement. Buried the instant death took them!

But Alfred Barnes was still alive. He screamed in a paroxysm of horrible suffering. Buried alive, from the armpits down, his bones crushed, his insides smashed, he screamed and screamed.

It was 2:30 p.m. on December 13. I was there, watching.

And Al Barnes frantically, desperately fought for his life, strong hands clutching, clawing at the crumbling dirt like a spectre grasping at handfuls of sand and clay, trying to pull himself out of a grave...

"Please, God!" he wailed, "Oh, please God, help meee..." But man can only help himself—and no man could help Al Barnes then.

Running men, horror written on their faces, rushed to the scene. Firemen appeared as if by magic, trying to pull Alfred Barnes out, even as others readied fire fighting equipment in case the spilled gasoline went up in flames.

Doctors Ira Rosenstein, Stanley Mitnick and Dade County Deputy Medical Examiner Michael Horwitz, almost disregarding their own lives, because the overturned steel monster might shift at any moment, squirmed into the pit with morphine and other medical supplies to see what they could do to help save Barnes.

Police and spectators alike, disregarding pressed suits and clean clothes, jumped into the pit to try to dig and claw him out. To no avail. Alfred Barnes was hopelessly trapped.

Undaunted, they worked feverishly anyway. At a time like this you hope and work and sweat like hell and don't think about failure. Where there's life, there's still hope. And Al was still alive.

The crowd hush him, but they couldn't see him. He sang. A negro spiritual. And as the effects of the drug lessened, he screamed wretchedly. "Oh, please God, help me!"

The Florida Power & Light Company rushed equipment to the scene. Emergency power units were set up. Medical equipment was sped to a position beyond the pit and an emergency operating table and blood bank complete with all necessary surgical equipment was made ready. Police escorted huge cranes behind their screaming sirens. Traffic stopped in all directions as hundreds rushed to see what they could do. The first cranes railed into view.

The Miami Beach sides of the bank of the ditch shifted. It sprouted down from the tortured man's face like the sands of time. Running away from you. He could feel the tons of cement that had encased his bones now hardening around his own body. And his life blood ebbing away, literally as well as

figuratively.

Milling around within sight of the grotesque spectacle, bystanders watched the heart-rending tragedy in awe, their white, drained faces intent, while helpless hands twitched and contorted with each cry arising from the grave-like ditch.

Ignoring well-kept lawns and powerlines and hedges, men worked at a furious pace, moving the huge cranes into position in an attempt to lift the 32-ton truck from Barnes' crushed body.

The cries grew weaker. And the crowd grew stiller, quieter. The pit of death hung over everyone, spectator and volunteer rescue worker alike. Ominously.

A woman sobbed quietly. Everybody wanted to do something. But few could. High ranking police officials ordered their men away and themselves plunged into the mire, slime with shovels, working madly until they too felt back exhausted and permitted others to take their places.

Hovering in the lengthening shadows, the crowd pressed together in tight knots. Silent. Grim faced.

There was a stifled scream. Like a moan, a wailing cry from the bottom of a pit. Then another cry, fading to a whisper. And then one of the doctors crawled out. He was covered with dirt. Red-rimmed eyes blinked up at the spotlights flooding the scene in light. It was like watching a nightmare being lived. 6:55 p.m. The doctor moved woodenly.

The doctor said to no one in particular: "He just died."

A piercing, shrill scream arose from a woman in the crowd. The wife of one of the others who died. No one in the crowd moved. But many blinked and averted their gaze, swallowing tight knots in their throats.

Finally, at 10:06 p.m. the orgy of death was over. The last body was grizzly recovered.

As though unable to believe what they'd seen and heard, people continued to stand and mill around, looking into the muddy ditch, held spellbound by some kind of fascination.

Dr. Horwitz, nodding sadly, limply lifted his hands and dropped them. "We did the best we could. What more could we have possibly done?" Nothing was the answer.

Then the lights were dimmed.



Alfred Barnes, life ebbing away, picnics for aid from helpless doctor.

The huge floodlights winked off and the curtain of a tropical night settled down over the scene. Only the frightful silhouette of an overturned cement truck beside the ditch in which four men's lives were crushed out remained. The end of a 7-hour orgy of death.

A newsmen, despite his years

of experience and his so-called hardened shell, said to this writer: "What a helluva day this will be for their families." "Uh huh," I said. I watched him turn away with a handkerchief in his hand. And I thought about that hand I'd seen, trying to claw its way out of that grave.



An emergency operating room was set up and ready to go—but it was all in vain.

SKIERS TO FAME ON ONE LEG!

Bruno Wintersteller, a 21-year-old Austrian, was facing the toughest hurdle of his young life. In a ski race, he'd cracked up against a tree. Now his right leg had to be amputated.

There was no worse fate for any man. Wintersteller had been training for the Olympics. That year, he'd been Austria's National Team hope. His home town, Gmunden, mourned. Doctors said Bruno Wintersteller would never ski again.

Yet today, on one leg, Bruno is once more a champion. Several times winner of Austrian ski meets for crippled skiers, he is also international champion in slalom and giant slalom for one-legged racers. How did he accomplish this?

For one thing, Bruno did not brood, or feel sorry for himself, or despair. He did not make disability the center of his thinking. A few months after the accident, he began to walk on crutches. His stump hurt, but Bruno clenched his teeth. His one limb would have to do the work of two.

When snow fell, he hobbled out to the Austrian hills. From a special store in Garmisch—there is only one like it in Europe—he'd bought one ski. He had also bought two peculiar crutches. Fastened to their ends were two more ski. Small ones. Those two crutch skis served

as stabilizers and ski poles. Bruno was not struggling alone. Some 20,000 Austrians and 400,000 Germans are disabled—mostly from World War II. Special ski courses and part of their equipment is provided by their governments. In Austria, the Education Ministry spends large sums to help men like Bruno get back on their one foot again. As a *verschrifter*, or handicapped skier, he merely had to provide courage.

Bruno was luckier than most of his companions. Unlike many others, he'd been on intimate terms with his skis. He'd been a fanatic skier. Even his name, which he didn't make up, had something to do with snow. For Wintersteller means "facing the winter" in German.

It was no easy winter for Bruno. His first attempts were awkward. It took special experience to glide down the mountain on one leg. "I fell like a snow bunny," Bruno remembers. He was leaning too far back. Then he fell because he went too fast.

But Wintersteller had stamina. If he could hold out awhile longer, he would learn skiing anew. And he did. He learned to brake by applying a downward pressure of his crutch-skis. He learned to turn by hopping off the snow, first left, then right. His first curves were choppy. But one day the end

of the winter. Bruno swung downhill gracefully.

It happened all at once, and it was an unbelievable sensation. The sun was on his face, the snow was underfoot, and the three skis were spurts that sent him flying down the mountain in any direction he chose. Bruno began to yodel. He had conquered himself. He was no longer handicapped. Perched on his one leg, he had gained a perfect balance, a flawless control over the limb.

The following spring and every spring thereafter, Bruno took part in a ski race.

It is a unique race. It consists entirely of cripples. "We have five groups," explains Rudi Scholz, the racing chairman. "Bruno belongs to the first group. Kneeknabber. Skiers on crutches. Class number two: Skiers on wooden legs. Class III: No arms. Class IV: Skiers with paralyzed knees or hips. Class V are the most amazing. They have neither legs nor arms. They use artificial limbs instead."

Each racer only competes with racers in his own class. Two years after losing his leg, Bruno won the race in Class I. There were thirty competitors. Bruno's speed was clocked at 75 km. an hour, a breathtaking 45 miles. Bruno had won again.

Skiing With Torches

Afterward, Bruno and his buddies—Sepp Zwicknagel who had neither legs nor arms; Otto Umbauer who skis without hands—went to celebrate the victory in a St. Johann Inn. The amputees drank hot spiced wine, sang their favorite mountain songs, then later skied with torches to demonstrate their technique to the folks of the Arlberg village.

Many of Bruno's friends wedged like two-legged experts, their heels wiggling, their shoulders immobile. Several of them, like Zwicknagel, are skiing instructors. Rudi Scholz taught skiing to officers of the U.S. Rainbow Division after World War II. It took the Yanks a long time to learn Rudi's secret: he skied on a wooden leg! "When Rudi displayed it, the officers were amazed. 'I lost the leg in Russia,' Rudi told them. 'I had to get a completely new balance. Wood is heavier than flesh, you see.'"

The handicapped skiers have shown an amazing energy. One of Bruno's buddies, for example, once missed a bus to a ski competition. So he walked for 8 hours on one foot to reach the scene of the race. Another man would bravely tie his legs together. Reason: one leg was paralyzed, but the other only partly stiff, could function for both.

Bruno Wintersteller's most



amazing feat is his climbing. His own body was a bigger obstacle than the mountains, Bruno says. His first climb after the injury put tremendous strain on his single leg. As he walked upward with crutches, his arms and shoulders hurt abominably and his hands were blistered. Later, he discarded the crutches. Tied to a companion with a climbing rope, he would use his two hands, his one foot and his stump for the ascent. His arms proved strongest; he had no trouble hammering safety pitons in to the rock during the climb. Shortly, Bruno developed special hand crampens with prongs for holding on to glacier ice. He also invented piked ski poles for jumping across crevasses. "Each trip made me more hardener, more sure of myself," Bruno relates. "And I was breathing good air and seeing the beauty of the mountains again." He always came back from climbing

trips with a deep tan and soaring morale.

One summer, Bruno did the impossible. He climbed the 14,780-foot Matterhorn in Switzerland. He has climbed it four times since. (His average time: 4 hours.) He has also conquered 80 peaks of over 4000 meters, and 200 peaks exceeding 3000 meters. He led summer parties of climbers to the 15,000-foot summits of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa. American tourists who saw Bruno roping himself upward were full of astonished praise. "If he can do it on one foot, we ought to do it on two!" the Americans said.

But the mayor of Innsbruck, when giving out star trophies, put it even better.

"You were the best man, Bruno," the mayor said. "You are a real winner. Actually, all you handicapped skiers are winners! You have won over life itself!"



Paul Newman Tells About His "BANDY HOUSE BEDROOM"

"I frankly don't give a damn," Paul Newman, sprawled across two chairs in a New York bar, sounded more like a teenage rebel than a 36-year-old matinee idol.

"Just because I'm a star," he explained, gesturing with the beer bottle he had just ordered, "that doesn't mean I have to keep my mouth shut.

"Nobody, and I mean nobody, can tell me what to say or do when it's on my own time."

He took a swig from the bottle, ignoring the glass sitting in front of him, and turned his piercing blue eyes to me.

"They keep telling me to shut up out in Hollywood. They keep saying that if I sound off on anything that stinks of controversy, I'll get them all in trouble.

"They think I'm some kind of nut—that's the word they use when they can't figure someone out—but I'll never give them the satisfaction of arguing with them. He grinned the grin that's had a part in making him famous and dug into a bowl of popcorn.

"I have as much right to all this," his hand took in the unsophisticated surroundings, the empty beer bottle, the popcorn, and his denim tie-less shirt, "as much as they have a right to their swimming pools and minks.

"Just because I've 'made it' doesn't mean I have to own a Rolls Royce and fifty custom-made suits. I like myself fine with a motor scooter and three suits."

His outfit, more than peculiar for a Hollywood star, suddenly made sense. "They call it my uniform," he chuckled. "A pair of chinos, a sport shirt, sneakers and dark glasses. But what the hell else am I supposed to wear on a scooter?"

"When people get a load of me in this get-up they don't take me for a star. That's one of the little pleasures I get out of life—being treated like a regular guy when I could get the red carpet.

"The guy I am when I'm drinking beer or shooting up Fifth Avenue today on a motor scooter is the real me. I don't expect an audience. And no one else expects a performance.

"Don't think there aren't pressures on me to dress up, shut up and get off the scooter.

"But this is the way I am," he explains, with no attempt to defend himself. "And it's strictly my own business."

Paul settled his athletic frame more comfortably into his chair and ordered another beer.

"The first thing people usually learn about me is that I'm not for sale.

"When I'm working I take

orders. But when it comes to my life, I'm the one who gives the orders.

"I live exactly the way I want to live," he claims.

My marriage (to actress Joanne Woodward) works. My kids (two with Joanne, three from his marriage to Jackie White) like me. And my friends understand and accept me for what I am.

"I'm not a bad guy and when I'm good I say so. Why shouldn't I, if it's true? In this country there's a premium on modesty.

"Ask me and I'll tell you that I'm great in a bridge game

"When I played Rock Graziano, I learned to box.

"When I was a trombonist in Paris Blues, I taught myself how to play the trombone.

"When I did a western, I insisted on doing all the rides.

"And when I did *The Hustler*, I moved a pool table into the kitchen and practiced until I almost drove my wife mad. I'm still not good enough to beat Jackie Gleason, though," he chuckled.

"The last time Gleason hustled me, it cost me fifty bucks. I had the last laugh. I paid off in pennies!"

business and if the papers said we're splitting up, we figured we'd better examine our marriage and problem.

"I discovered her Hollandaise sauce wasn't exactly the way I'd like it. When I complained, she burned my yo-yo.

"That made me pretty sore, so I gave the puppy her baseball mitt to teethe on. Finally, after she hid my trombone, we decided to taper our marriage off!"

This was his own way of telling everyone to mind their own business.

"I believe that I have an obligation to myself to do and say the things I want to," he says.

"I'm the type who writes letters to my congressman.

"I also volunteered my services to UNICEF, the Armed

"The only trouble was that when we got it home it didn't seem to fit in with anything else. So we decorated the bedroom to look like a bawdy house.

"What I call gracious living is cooking up a batch of popcorn and sitting down with it, a couple of beers and a book. Something like this," he looked around him, "only at home with my shoes off.

"The year book from Kenyon College says I was graduated magna cum laude. That was about the only thing I was good at—drinking beer. I wasn't good at football and eventually got kicked off the team for starting a brawl.

"I live simply now. It's not an affectation. I'm just not terribly concerned about money and the extravagances it can buy.



Paul Newman At Home With Actress Wife, Joanne Woodward

and play a pretty fair game of pool.

"But I'll also tell you that I'm a lousy chess player and my poker leaves something to be desired."

His dedication to honesty doesn't end with his personal life.

"When I'm working, I try to forget who I am and become the character I'm playing. I refuse to have the camera or a stunt man do the things the character is supposed to know how to do.

This wasn't the first and last time Paul had the last laugh.

When he was asked about the rumor that his marriage was splitting up, his usual dislike for gossip took a new twist.

"If the newspapers said something was happening to our marriage, maybe they knew something that we didn't," he said, with just the faintest hint of a glint in his eyes.

"To be frank, we didn't want to take chances and make liar out of the press. It's a tough

Forces and the United States Information Agency.

"But I think I shock people more by the way I live. There's nothing exceptional about it.

"Except, of course for my bedroom!" He waited for this to be digested before giving an explanation.

"It all started when Joanne and I saw this big, brass bed in New Orleans. We had to have it. You see, it had previously seen service in one of the city's most famous bordellos.

"I have the guts to refuse money if it's piled up merely to bury a bad habit.

"And I believe an actor, even if he is a 'star'—the word was obviously repugnant to him—"has the right to choose his own friends and call his home off-limits to publicity.

"I'm not particularly impressed by my own personality. But it's something that's all mine.

"And no one has the right to tell me to change it."

INSIDE TV

By SANDY RAINES

IS JACKIE GLEASON REALLY WASHED UP as a television comedian? Several straw-in-the-wind indicators seem to point toward his going that way. The rotund jolly-maker is shifted five months comeback this fall, but some inside sources are about ready to wager that the show will be lucky to ever get off the production pad! CBS may even have to develop an entirely new solid fuel to roll Jackie into orbit again!

DEBBIE REYNOLDS, who has, on occasion, capered most capriciously before the TV cameras, seems to be imbued with complete lack of inhibition. On a chartered airplane flight, in company with several other stars, she became embroiled in an argument with a steward over a remark about one of Debbie's physical characteristics. To prove her point, Debbie stood up in her seat and began to completely disrobe in plain view of all the mixed-company passengers. She was well on her way to bed-readiness when she was restrained by wiser heads.

CONNIE STEVENS, pert and luscious star of "Hawaiian Eye," has been reported seen in a secluded night spot with a handsome, middle-aged man. Reputedly, he is a wealthy South American named James Ardman. Judging from their actions, he is certainly not her father!

VIC DAMONE isn't bothered with lushes making remarks about the dolls he escorts to parties. Most everyone knows of his pugilistic prowess. He had his first brawl at the age of nine. A youngster hurled an epithet and Vic threw a punch. Let Damone alone is the word to the highboys.

INSIDE SHORTS: Barbara Rush, curvaceous movie doll, looks good in "Saints and Sinners," a series depicting drama on a New York newspaper. The comedy series, "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," with Fess (Davey Crockett) Parker, may be another winner. Merv Griffin, who rode into stardom on a "Lovely Bunch of Coconuts"—he sang it into a smash hit, that is, is heading up an attempted afternoon version of the "Tonight" show. . . . Is there a big show coming up for Debra Paget? That's what the whispers are saying. . . . Ernie Ford admits to being a sometimes not-so-hot golfer. "At times," he says, "my luck on the green is so bad, it's like if I bought a pumpkin farm, they'd call off Halloween!" . . . In a recent quote, Newton Minow stated that "government control" in TV is here to stay. But who controls the controllers? Minow may not know precisely where his TV censorship plan can lead, but if he does then he's no minnow—he's a killer shark. . . . Is there a big show coming up for Debra Paget?

New York Physicians Advise Men: Overweight? Go Primitive! Heart Patient? Go Slow!

Two prominent New York physicians have advised men to live primitively—if they want to lose weight—and to ignore the little women's demands if they want household chores—if they want to save their hearts.

Dr. Blake Donaldson advises overweight men to follow the example set by prehistoric men. "For millions of years," said Dr. Donaldson, "the human animal lived in forests and on the banks of streams. He hunted and ate fat meat. His life was one of constant exercise. He had to be able to jump seven feet into a tree to escape a startled bad tiger."

And how did the human body respond to this rigorous life?

"Very well," said Dr. Donaldson. "We are fairly sure—from old German burial grounds and skulls found in the Arctic—that early man had excellent vision, good teeth, no arthritis or skin problems, and avoided the crippling and killing diseases aggravated by overweight."

The doctor's advice to fat people is quite simple—"So simple," he said, "that it's difficult."

First, up at 6 a.m., to bed after 10 p.m.

"Before eating breakfast, take a half-hour walk."

"Third, eat only one-half pound of fresh fat meat three times daily. Don't eat any other food or seasonings."

Even though covenants didn't smoke, the 70-year-old physician doesn't condemn those who do.

"People must have a few vices if they become plants. But I do object to flour addiction," he said. "This is a worse vice than heroin in terms of the physical damage it can do."

Another M.D., Dr. Leon J. Warshaw, would also like to see males kept out of the kitchen—especially if the men are recuperating from heart attacks.



What do the whispers have to say about DEBRA PAGET? Read INSIDE TV.

Doctor Warshaw fears that many heart patients will work themselves to death this year doing "odd jobs" in kitchens, gardens and garages. "A foreman can be an easier taskmaster than a housewife," he warned.

The heart specialist considers the shop or office "a rest cure, compared to the odd jobs a convalescing cardiac patient may do around the home." He advised other doctors: "Send the heart patient back to work as soon as possible."

Between them, Dr. Donaldson and Dr. Warshaw gave some words of hope and advice to the nation's overweight and overworked males!

Liz and Brigitte Dead?

A shocked audience of two thousand people was recently told that Elizabeth Taylor and Brigitte Bardot were dead!

The speaker? Who else but Billy Graham.

The famed evangelist claimed that Liz and Brigitte were among the world's many "morally dead" people. "There are hundreds walking the streets who are spiritually dead," said Graham.

But there are also hundreds of red-blooded men who'll swear that Liz and Brigitte are still very much alive—where it counts!

Inside Paperbacks

Khrushchev's "Mein Kampf", Belmont Books, 50c, by Harrison E. Salisbury. . . . Here is a worthwhile collection of speeches and documents by Khrushchev that will prove beyond most anyone's shadow of a doubt that the shoe-beating little vodka-lover's "We will bury you . . . your children will live under Communism" is more than idle temper tantrum. The book is a four hour visit inside the former assassin's mind, showing both psychologically and ideologically the impossibility of ultimate co-existence between capitalism and socialism.

The Free Lovers, Novel Books, 60c, by J. J. Jordan. . . . If Khrushchev's "Mein Kampf" points up the fact that capitalism and socialism are irreconcilable, this shocking novel succeeds in driving home how dangerously close America is moving toward state socialism. Dressed in the usual Novel Book regalia of sexy cover outside

and fast action inside, hero Jed Coffin fights a conspiracy that is anything but Communist inspired—and all the more dangerous for that reason. When the reader has caught his breath from the explosive story line of the book, he suddenly finds that the title means much more than a bunch of promiscuous penthouse parties.

First of the Famous, Ballantine Books, 50c, edited by Whit Burnett. . . . superficially, this might seem a worthwhile paperback for your library, but if you're more interested in the contents of a book than its historical value, pass this one up. For the fact is that this collection of "first" short stories by such as Norman Mailer, Nelson Algren, Tennessee Williams and William Saroyan, will probably have little historical value in 50 years. These are the "intellectuals" of the 20's and 30's and 40's, the creative, sometimes ingenious, but unfortunately confused relativistic minds that have helped lead our society in droves to the psychiatrist's couches and the divorce courts, as most of them have themselves been led.

IF YOU HAD THE CHOICE WOULD YOU GIVE BIRTH TO THIS?

Tragically, a Young Mother of Four
In Phoenix, Arizona (Mrs. Sherrie Finkbine)
Is Fighting For the RIGHT Not to Give Birth
To a Baby Such as Shown on This Page!

By MICHAEL NAIRN

Last issue, THE INSIDER ran a story on the primitive, wasteful, disgraceful ritual of funerals as they take place in our society.

But if there is one area of life in America where we act like more of a dark age bunch of brutes than on the subject of death—it is on the subject of birth.

At this very moment a young mother of 4 in Phoenix, Arizona (Mrs. Sherrie Finkbine) is fighting for the right not to give birth to a baby such as the one shown on this page!

And unknown other women across this country are confronted with the same horribly ludicrous problem!

By what right, THE INSIDER asks, does any man or woman deny to any other man or woman the right to run his or her lives?

By virtue of what archaic, undemocratic laws can the State of Arizona, or

Illinois or New York, or any other, force a woman to not to have something taken from her body that to her is as ruinous to her life as a malignant tumor?

The right ~~and~~ the wrong of this case is clear. Mrs. Finkbine, and many other women in America, unknowingly took the drug thalidomide during the early months of their pregnancies. Just as this issue of THE INSIDER went to press,

control over the lives of other men?

Well, Sherrie Finkbine, her husband and four children are being controlled.

Their lives will be radically changed, partially destroyed—Mrs. Finkbine's own life may itself definitely be physically destroyed—but for a simple, modern piece of minor surgery in a modern, efficient hospital.

What is this institutionalized ignorance—20th century Amer-

state, does any man, by what right do YOU decide what is best for Sherrie Finkbine?

Today all around us we see delinquency, crime, poverty, unhappiness. And in a confused frenzy to fight it, we pass more and more laws limiting the freedom of man to spend money, to read books, to have or not to have a child—and we never for a crystal moment stop to think that it is precisely these laws that have limited human



By what right the author asks, can anyone force women to born and raise THIS?

primitive, self-appointed moralists of our society.

For these women and, quite possibly, for Mrs. Sherrie Finkbine, all the progress of civilization, all the accomplishments of science, all the gleaming efficient hospitals and skilled, dedicated doctors do not exist.

As far as her problem is concerned—the crucial problem of her life—Mrs. Sherrie Finkbine may as well live in a disease infested hut of the Amazon, surrounded by a bunch of prancing, ignorant, amoral savages.

Morally and intellectually—she does.

Legally—she does.

If she is forced to give birth to the embryo that is now inside her—even if she does not, the fact that she must struggle against the law, the state and society to do the only logical, humane, just thing is a fitting commentary on the current disintegration of our country that everyone is shouting so loudly about these days.

It is a horrible proof of what happens when the "state" makes laws telling its citizens how to run their private lives.

In this connection, the irony

of this entire situation is that all—every one—of the mal-born, could have been prevented if the federal government had done its duty and made public the warnings regarding taking the pills while pregnant that the manufacturers urged them to heed!

But for 7 months, our wonderful public servants (who are narrow public servants when it comes to alleviating this grave circumstance) did absolutely nothing!

Possibly they were too busy setting up plans for President Kennedy's Consumer Protection Bureau—a pettiol device supposedly to be created to protect the consumers against injustices by drug and other manufacturers.

Yet any wrong done by the drug company in any case is already prosecutable under our criminal laws.

But who is to protect us against bureaucrats, state and federal, who run and ruin our lives?

And—who can protect the Sherrie Finkbines against the ignorant, dark-age taboos and human sacrifices that make possible the laws behind these bungling bureaucrats?

This is an exclusive preview of an article
which will appear in the October issue
of THE MEN'S DIGEST MAGAZINE.

it was proven conclusively that this drug taken under such circumstances very often produces grotesquely formed children, such as the one shown on this page, such as the stunning freaks shown in this same issue.

Mrs. Finkbine wants an abortion.

Her hospital and doctor back her up 100%.

But the "state" says no!

Who is the state, but the laws instituted only for the purpose of protecting the individual life, liberty and pursuit of happiness?

Who is the state but the legal umpire brought into existence so that no group of men can gain

its sacrificial offering to the rain gods, as the primitive societies of Asia and Africa still do with their first sons or daughters?

Why should there be a law against abortion of an embryo, and not against abortion of a tumor, a gallstone, an inflamed appendix?

This is a case of human life, you say?

WHOSE life?

What about Sherrie Finkbine's life?

What about the effect on her husband's life, the lives of her four children?

And by what right does any

choice, limited human accomplishment, limited the development of the only tool man has for happiness and survival, his mind, and driven him into an evil, disgraceful corner of believing he is evil, that he cannot accomplish, that his lot is not happiness but suffering.

If Sherrie Finkbine wins her case, it will be an exception. Other women, married and unmarried, will be forced to give birth to unwanted children. They and the children will often be forced into the destruction of their lives because of one mistake that offends the "sense of the sacredness of life" of the

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INSIDE THE TRACK

By BOB HALL

The philosophy that only the "experts" have a chance of breaking even at the races was perforated near the saddling paddock yesterday. Mr. Dick (and that's the only name I've ever heard him called) was looking over the program for the next race. Alternately he would look from the program to the form to the horses in the paddock.

"Who looks like a winner?" I asked.

"How should I know what a winner looks like," Mr. Dick retorted sharply. "I'm not a horseman. I'm a gambler."

"Well, then did you watch them being exercised this morning?"

Mr. Dick had his eyes on the form sheet when he answered. "Never watch them run," he said. "If I want entertainment, I go to the movies."

Why doesn't Mr. Dick just stay in a downtown office and gamble? "I like the smell here," he told me. Which was probably a nice way of telling me to shut up.

Part of our original agreement at the outset of this column was a small but necessary education in the fundamentals of racing. Today a new fan told me a very old racing joke, which is how I knew he was a new fan. To spare you any possible future embarrassment at being stamped as a neophyte, here are what are probably the two oldest and least appreciated jokes in racing.

The first is a "set-up," that is, you are set up. The guy asks, "You want a good tip?" Of course you do and you glibly say so. The tip is: "Don't bet the race!" This may be good advice, but it's rotten comedy dialogue.

The other is equally bad, but clever enough to trap you into thinking it's something new. Watch out, though, because one of these days it will fit you. It's about the horse player who is walking away from the track counting a small roll of bills. "I'm glad I broke even," he mutters. "I need the money!"

At Arlington Park a few days ago there was a not-so-quiet discussion among the fans as to why the first race was delayed nearly 25 minutes beyond the post time. For the thirty-thousand plus fans there was no apparent excuse. Whatever the excuse the track operators may have used, by the time the gates finally sprung open the horses were running to try to protect over a \$150,000 in mutual action and an excess of \$210,000 in daily double play. All this points out one basic rule of race track operations: If you don't put it down now, they'll wait until you do.

What You Don't Know Might Hurt You Department

A few weeks back in the Swaps Handicap at Arlington, the fans were chucking it in on the three favorites: Bluescope, Winonly and Editorialist. In a five horse field that's a good way to lose your money. Anyway, Bluescope wound up the favorite at eighty cents on the dollar or 4 to 5 odds. Winonly was close behind with Editorialist picking up plenty of action as third choice.

Normally, I would have bet Editorialist myself. Editorialist looked like an overlay at 3 to 1... until he came back on the track in the post parade. He was favoring the left foreleg and limping like a goose. So I changed my mind and didn't bet the race.

Editorialist best them all out of the gate all right and he ran quite a race for about half a mile. But then he chucked it and beat only Newwallow. I'm not relating this experience to illustrate how clever I am, but to point out that it's witless and foolhardy to bet your money before you see the horses. Watch them closely and get to know the smooth, rhythmic motion of a healthy thoroughbred. Any "hitch" or interruption of that movement is a tip that all is not well. And you'd be doing yourself a favor by keeping your hand in your pocket.

HALL HORSES TO BET

PRETTY PAT: A late developer that is ready to trim down the Eastern fillies.

TONDI: Still eating up the Midwest "bush leaguers". It'll be back at Sportsman later this year.

FRANK: This is a real speed-bill. Come right back with him. If you catch him after a short rest, double up!

ACE: Good bet with the cheap pointers, but layoff this fall. He'll be run down.

RAPPALEE: A two-year-old that has just come around. Get with him.

ROAD RAID: Give him a distance of ground and the turf and he'll beat most of the Midwest grass bunch.

PORVENIR II: Give him a distance of ground and the turf and he'll beat most of the Midwest grass bunch.

JKT TRAFFIC: This one has never really been pushed when winning. Bet and see how good he is.

FRANK ZEBRO: Go for him with the pointers. He's sharp right now.

NATIVE CHICL: Look for this one to try the grass... and win.

SING ALONG: This one owes me money, but I'm through with him. He's just plain ornery and too hard to handle. If he'd run his race he'd beat anything around, but he prefers to fight and lose. May come back gelded and then maybe I'll go with him.

GRIKE FORM: This is another hard-to-manage one that'll act badly, but he can run and should be ready right now. Try him, but go easy.

SIDE HOLLYWOOD HAMLET

By DAN NELSON

Although *Howard Hughes* has been married to *Jean Peters* for just two years now he is still being sued by some of his former dolls. This week actress *Gail Canley* sued the multi-millionaire for a sum of \$553,000 in a suit filed in the Los Angeles Superior Court. *Miss Canley* claims she was (verbally) promised a \$450 weekly salary which was never paid. She said that the oral contract was arranged with *William White*, casting chief for *Hughes Productions*, in July 1960, just two years ago. . . . *Singer Frank Sinatra* filed suit for triple damages against Capitol Records for offering his recordings for Capitol at half price. . . . How many readers will remember *Louise Brooks*, the pert, bawdy-stanced actress with the Buster Brown hair trim? She disappeared from Hollywood back in 1928 at the peak of her career and has been unheard of until this week when she suddenly popped up at the University of California at Los Angeles to lecture on their drama and fine arts classes. *Louise* was a Danish-born dancer at 15, a Ziegfeld girl at 17, a movie star at 21 and a has been at 30. She was recently rediscovered when her top motion picture "Pandora's Box" made the TV circuit. It was made 35 years ago. . . . You haven't seen sex stacked so massively until you have sized up actress *Jennie Jensen* working on *Correll Baker*. . . . *Randolph Scott* Western. She stands 5 feet tall in her stocking feet, scales in at 303 lbs., temperature at a constant level of 202 and get this—her bust measurement is 58 inches with an "E" cup which is slightly smaller than a bushelbasket. . . . You could hear feminine screams all over the landscape when actress *Jane Betts* walked into the ladies restroom at Paramount Pictures studio. She plays a lechered lady in *Jackie Gleason's* "Popa's Delap's Condition". . . . This Fall you will want to look for the Carnation commercials on TV simply because *Linda Hutchins* will launch the new pitches in a series of figure displays that will lead you astray. You'll probably never know or care who the sponsor is. . . . They're de-sexed "How The West Was Won" over at MGM studios. This multi-million dollar Cinecra production has some great dance ball grille numbers in it, but the trollop characterization given by curly *How Lange* and some scenes with several merry widows were cut because they want to play the 2½ hour film as an all-family motion picture. It will still be an all-star cast you will never again see with *Gregory Peck*, *Robert Preston*, *Henry Fonda*, *James Stewart*, *John Wayne*, *Richard Widmark*, *Debbie Reynolds*, *Correll Baker*, and a Chicago girl you will dream about, *Bridget Daxler*. . . . It will be released in February of next year about the same time that *Liz Taylor's* "Cleopatra" will be released and if this Pharsalian epic flops it will be the end of 20th Century Fox studios. Should the film hit, *Liz* stands to make 10 million out of the deal. Actual shooting took 215 days with *Liz* making \$50,000 weekly for almost five months overtime caused mostly by *Liz*' love for that tailor made man, *Burton*.

CAN'T FAKE INSANITY

(Continued from Page 7)

him. He said he didn't even know why he was in jail.

"You're not in jail," Dr. Galvin told him.

"Can my mother visit me?" Graham asked.

"You've killed your mother," said the psychiatrist. "What was her name?"

"I don't know," Graham said. "Know my name?"

"Sure, Dr. James Galvin." The doctor made a note. "How about your wife's name?"

"I don't remember," Graham said. "And I want to see my attorney."

Dr. Galvin handed the malingering a phone. Graham dialed perfectly.

He had slipped.

A few days later he gave up

the pretense, and shocked the world with the statement that he didn't feel sorry for anyone on that plane. The 44 people who died from the bomb? They were just like 44 dead ducks to me," Graham said.

Actually, Graham's insanity faking was the crudest sort. Eye-rolling just won't do.

The trouble with most malingerers is their overacting, says the famed British psychiatrist, Dr. J. Llewellyn, who has examined hundreds of criminals for the British courts. "The faker usually sees less than the blind. He hears less than the deaf. And he is more lame than the paralyzed. The faker crowds the canvas, he piles symptom upon symptom, and

thus outstrips real madness. He's a caricature."

One of the few successful fakers was a *William F. Dunn* who murdered a Brooklyn patrolman in 1932. Dunn succeeded in feigning insanity. He went to the Black Mattawan State Hospital, where he stayed for 27 years.

A year ago, he was finally found sane. According to the New York state law, he had to be brought back to trial.

Dunn had become a grey, frightened, middle-aged man. "You are a faker," Judge Samuel Leisewitz told him. "But I must agree to one thing. Twenty-seven years in Mattawan is infinitely worse than a thousand years in Sing Sing!"

